McLean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FIRE AT ST. BONA. COLLEGE.

One Large Building Destroyed and $100,000 Damage Done.

A dispatch from Olean says: By fire of unknown origin which started in a room on the second floor in the southeast corner of the building, St Bonaventuro's college at Allegany was destroyed Tuesday morning. The fire loss will be in the neighborhood of $100,000 and it is partly covered by insurance with the Meadville agency in this city, amounting to about $47,000. Two persons, the janitor and William F. Doyle of Ireland, a student who is remaining at the college during the vacation, were asleep in the building when the fire started but both succeeded in getting out safely.

About 4:30 o'clock Mr. Doyle, who slept in the dormatory on the third floor was awakened by the smell of smoke and he located the fire on the second floor. The janitor was awakened and he and Doyle got out of the building and spread the alarm. By telephone, assistance was asked of the Olean fire department and Company No. 1 responded. There is no fire protection at the college except the chemical fire extinguishers and these were inadequate means with which to fight the flames.

The fire swept through the building, spreading from the second to the third and fourth floors and to the basement, a number of books in the first and second floor rooms, and the pool tables were saved.

Aid rendered by the Olean firemen who worked the chemical kept the flames from communicating with the seminary building, in the rear of which and at a distance of but about 40 feet stood the burned college building.

Except the four tall brick walls nothing remained of the building at 9 o'clock this morning.

The college building was a four-story structure of brick on a base of stone.

It was a noted college conducted by the members of the Order of St. Francis and will be immediately rebuilt. The stories published broadcast to-day to the effect that Black Hand incendiaries had caused the loss of the building, are considered absurd by the college officials. Spontaneous combustion, or matches ignited by mice, are mentioned as possible causes. The room in which the fire originated had not been occupied for three weeks. Its door was locked. This apartment was full of smoke when the fire was discovered.

Shooting Affray at Johnsonburg.

From the Johnsonburg Breeze we learn that on Saturday evening, June 20, a man giving his name as William Davis hailing from Reading was shot and seriously wounded by Joe Malfara, the proprietor of a store on Railroad street.

Davis, it seems, was doing a little job of town decorating according to his own ideas of the beautiful and at about 10 o'clock happened into Malfara's store while Joe was playing a guitar. Malfara did not care for Davis' company so he stopped and ejected Davis, preparatory to closing up. Davis returned and insulted Mrs. Malfara and was again ejected. Davis then threw a stone through the window striking Malfara's child. Malfara attempted to call the police but, failing to find an officer, procured a revolver. He fired once in the air to frighten Davis, but "Bill" would not frighten and the second shot brought Davis to the ground.

The wounded reveller was taken to the hospital where it was found that the bullet had entered his breast and followed a rib around to the back, only inflicting a flesh wound, which is not considered dangerous.

Malfara gave himself up and was taken to Ridgway and lodged in jail to await the result of the shooting. When it was learned that the wound would not prove fatal, Malfara was released on $1,000 bail.

Miraculous Escape.

The train crew of the B., L. & K. railroad had a bad scare yesterday afternoon, says Friday's Kane Republican. The train was coming along at a good rate of speed and in rounding a curve near Munsons, the engineer was horrified to see a little child not more than three years old running along in the middle of the track. He reversed his engine and whistled for brakes, and then climbed out on the running board with the evident intention of seeing if he could not reach the little one, but the engine struck the child before he had got half way to the pilot. The fireman jumped off and went back to where the child had been thrown into the ditch, expecting to find it dead, but strange as it may appear there was not the slightest indication of an injury. The child was taken to its parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Holt, a short distance away, and Dr. Larson was called, as the trainmen thought that maybe the child had received internal injuries, but the doctor reports that he could find nothing wrong. Considering the circumstances it was indeed a narrow escape, as not one time in a hundred would it have occurred without instant death or serious injury.

Subscribe for the

Woman Drowned.

Nannie Tyler, usually called by her maiden name, Nannie Saylor, a woman of Austin, who was in company with J. J. Kelly, a hotel man of Austin, was drowned in a little creek at Costello, at 12 o'clock Monday night, when a carriage in which they were riding tipped over and fell bottom upward in the stream.

The accident occurred during the terrific storm of Monday night. The landlord and the woman had started for a camp on Moore's run, where some friends of Mr. Kelley were located. The woman was to have driven the rig back from the camp, as Mr. Kelley intended to remain there. Twice before the fatality the rig had been tipped over, the wheels sliding over an embankment. When the most serious accident occured the landlord was leading the horses, and owing to the darkness the two wheels on one side of the vehicle did not strike a small bridge which it was necessary to cross. The buggy turned over and taking the woman with it buried her beneath it in eighteen inches of fluid composed of water and liquor from the tannery, which was running into the stream. For a few minutes the landlord walked about in the water of the stream in an effort to locate the woman but he was unable to do so, and also unable to lift the buggy from the mud in which it was embedded. He went to the home of Henry Peck nearby and together the men succeeded in raising the vehicle and releasing the woman, who at that time was dead. There were some marks on her body and one on her face, but whether or not she received these from the horse, which remained partially hitched to the buggy as it lay in the stream, or they were inflicted when the rig was previously overturned, is unknown.

The woman was 25 years of age, and was married some years ago to a man by the name of Tyler, whom it is said is located in Oil City. The couple did not live along well and they separated, the woman again taking her maiden name. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Saylor of Austin, her father being employed in the kindling wood factory at that place.—Potter Democrat.

Popular Normal Teacher Married.

At the home of the bride's father, Hiram Hinman, 243 West Eleventh street, Erie, in the presence of the family only, Raymond W. Prather of Marlow, Ala., and Miss M. Lucile Hinman of the Edinboro State Normal school faculty, will be married at 7:30 this evening by the Rev. Dr. Thoburn of the First M. E. church of that city. Mr. Prather is a graduate of our Normal school as is Miss Hinman. He is a business man, a driver who understands handling men and making a lumber plant pay. He is a brother of Judge Prather of Meadville.

Miss Hinman is a popular teacher at the Normal school, greatly esteemed by her associates and by the students. In token of their appreciation the students presented her with valuable wedding gifts. Miss Hinman is a fine musician, a popular institute instructor and a superior teacher.

After a wedding supper the young couple will start East on a brief trip and will be at home after July 15 at Troy Center, Pa.—Edinboro Independent.

Kane Wedding.

Miss Bessie Hopkins and Mr. Wm. H. Monagan of Wilcox were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of Kane, Monday afternoon, Rev. E. C. Schumaker, a former pastor of the Baptist church, officiating. Miss Hazel Frost acted as bridesmaid and the groom was attended by Glenn Smith. Miss Hopkins was becomingly gowned in white and carried white roses, the bridesmaid wore a gown of blue silk and carried red roses.

The bride has been a resident of Kane for a number of years. Previous to her going to Kane her home was in Smethport, where she has many friends who join in wishing her a happy life.

An elegant wedding supper was served to all, after which the happy couple left on the 6:15 train for a bridal trip.

The presents were many and beautiful, which shows the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Monagan are held by their numerous friends.

Hays-Stickles.

At the M. E. church, Thursday, June 25, Miss Grace Catherine Stickles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stickles of East Smethport was united in marriage to D. M. Hays of Pittsburg, Rev. W. A. Harris officiated.

Mr. Hays is an agent for the American Pacific Tea Company and makes his home at Mt. Jewett where they will undoubtedly make their future home.

Mrs. Hays has many friends here who extend congratulations to them both.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wesson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

Doctor Poisoned by Unknown Parties.

Cyanide of potassium which was placed in a bottle of ale and sent him for this purpose, of which he drank shortly before he was stricken down Friday night, caused the death of Dr. William H. Wilson of 810 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia.

The bottle containing the deadly beverage was sent by express to the physician's home three days before he opened it. The doctor put the ale on ice and Friday evening decided to sample it. He poured out a small amount in a glass and took a drink of it, and remarked to his wife and daughter, "it has a peculiar taste." His wife took a taste of it but did not swallow any of it, as she too thought it tasted strangely. The doctor arose from the table and going to the kitchen drank a glass of milk thinking it would counteract the poison which he felt sure the ale contained. Medical aid was immediately summoned but to no avail.

The man whom the authorities say is definitely known to them, is a husband who desired to avenge the death of his wife, who had been criminally operated upon by Dr. Wilson a short time previous to her death.

Purchases Central Drug Store.

W. L. Hazen, the Hazelhurst druggist, has purchased the Central drug store, Mt. Jewett, of W. J. Nourse, and will take possession Wednesday, July 1st.

It is about one and one-half years since Mr. Hazen purchased the Hazelhurst Pharmacy, and during the period he has presided over the destinies of that institution he has proven himself a capable and energetic business man, and a gentleman in the best sense of the term.

While he will give his personal attention to the Central drug store, he will retain the Hazelhurst Pharmacy, which will in the future be under the management of Dr. E. S. Briggs of Hazelhurst, which means that the people of the valley will in no wise suffer through the new arrangement.

The determination of Mr. Nourse to dispose of the Central will come as a surprise to the people of Mt. Jewett, as he has moved the business a long way toward the front of the procession since he assumed control of the same, proving himself an exceptionally clever merchant, and a very desirable citizen.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Worse Than Hydrophobia.

It seems fitting, and at this season timely, to invite earnest attention to another scourage which in many respects so closely resembles hydrophobia as often to be mistaken for it, which is more painful and only a little less deadly than that dreaded destroyer, and which in extent of its ravages incomparably exceeds it. We suppose that more people die of tetanus in this country each year than have died here of hydrophobia in all the years since the republic was founded, and of these the great majority are victims of what we might call Fourth of July tetanus, directly induced by injuries received on or about Fourth of July through toy pistols and certain cheap, nasty, noisy and altogether offensive kinds of fireworks. The death-roll from such causes, which is published yearly as a gastly pendant to the record of Independence Day rejoicings and festivites, is appalling. Contrasted with it and its significance of physical torture and loss of human lives, the few reports of death from hydrophobia pale into insignificance.

Narrow Escape From Instant Death.

Yesterday afternoon just as the incoming 3:05 train from the east was rounding the curve below the Edgar street crossing, quite an old lady, whose name we could not learn, would have met instant death had it not been for James Cronin, a young man who lives on the West side, and happened along just about that time.

An eye witness to the affair who was standing on his porch at the time, but too far away to be of any assistance, said that he was attracted by the incoming train, and looking in that direction he saw the old lady making an attempt to cross the tracks, and just as she got on the track she fell. Mr. Cronin, seeing her predicament, ran to her assistance and the eye witness said he expected to see them both ground to pieces, but Cronin was equal to the occasion, and pulled her to safety just as the train went by. Mr. Cronin is certainly deserving of a Carnegie medal for such an act of bravery.—Kane Republican Saturday.

Grangers and Farmers.

Fidelity Grange No. 1288 invites yourself, friends and friends of the Grange National Bank to a basket picnic to be held at Smethport July 9th, it being the first anniversary of the opening of the bank. There will be speeches by State Master W. F. Hill, State Lecturer E. B. Dorset and Supt. of Banking Hon. J. G. McHenry.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Message at residence. Alberta Sturdivant.

Taft.

The Hon. William H. Taft is a private citizen once more, but only for a few months, says the Pittsburg Gazette Times. It is a long while since he entered public life as a servant of the people and he has filled every place with honor and to the lasting benefit of the people, whose faithful servant he has been. His record is one of which his countrymen have reason to be proud. Mr. Taft will be a private citizen until March 4 next, at which time he will take the oath of office as president of the United States in succession to Theodore Roosevelt. This statement anticipates the registration of the will of the people at the election of November next, but we are firmly convinced that their verdict will be favorable and that they will elect him on his undoubted merits to the office for which he has been nominated by the Republican party. From now until November he will be engaged for a considerable part of the time in discussing the issues of the campaign, a duty for which he is well qualified by practice and administrative experience.

Mr. Taft has been a collector of internal revenue, he has been solicitor general of the United States, he has been a United States circuit judge, chairman of the Philippine Islands commission, governor of the Islands, secretary of war, administrator of the affairs of Cuba as secretary of war, and as such administrator of the affairs of our insular possessions and in charge of the Panama canal work and the canal strip. In every position mentioned and others we have not referred to he has acquitted himself so well that he is above just criticism. In regions which are to be principal scenes of American activities for years to come outside the continental domain of the United States he is as well know and respected for his personal and official qualities as in the United States. In Japan, our near neighbor in the far Pacific, they know and understand him as well as we do at home. They have seen him and his work at close quarters; they have taken his measure; they know that as president he would permit no American interest to suffer and that he would give no cause for uneasiness; that he is for a square deal in international relations, conceding to others every right that is justly theirs while yielding nothing that properly belongs to the people whom he represents. The orient in general, not merely Japan, has confidence in him and also knows his firmness and ability. His election, therefore, will be a guarantee that present good relations in that quarter of the world will continue uninterrupted. In the far east he is no unknown quantity, and is both admired and respected there.

Mr. Taft has had a training for the presidential office that equips him fully for the discharge of its delicate and important duties. His administrative capacity has been developed and rounded in service and his experience on the bench broadened and deepened his understanding. No man has ever been called to the highest executive office in the gift of the people who has had such a schooling as he for the discharge of its manifold duties and responsibilities. None has had better mental equipment for work so important. The American people have assurance from his manner of handling difficult and delicate national and international questions of the first magnitude that their interests will be safe in his hands, and he aspires as much confidence in the whole field of our foreign relations as throughout our own sisterhood of commonwealths. He is no untried theorist, attempting to fire popular imagination with startling suggestions, but a progressive statesman who will stand on firm ground and make sure of the ground before as he advances. He is no blind leader, but a man of clear vision, well balanced and far-sighted, arguing from known premises to sure and safe conclusions and acting accordingly.

When the term of his private citizenship has ended Theodore Roosevelt will have in him a worthy successor.

Mrs. Tubbs Drops Dead.

A dispatch from Olean dated June 29, says: Mrs. Olive A. Tubbs, aged 63 years, wife of W. W. Tubbs of South Olean, last evening while seated on a bench in the city park suffered a heart attack which caused her death. The lady and her husband were on their way to church when the former became fatigued and sought a brief rest in the park. Her death followed. Mrs. Tubbs, besides her husband, is survived by four daughters, Mrs. M. A. Davis and Mrs. M. A. Sage of Bolivar, Mrs. C. S. Brace of Hammondsport and Mrs. May Straight of Annin Creek, Pa., and by one son, D. L. Tubbs of this city.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

On July 4th the Kushequa Route will run a special train, leaving Smethport at 8:45 a. m. for Mt. Jewett. Return train will leave Mt. Jewett at 11 p. m. Fare round trip 75 cents, including admission to the ball game.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Sergt. B. F. Wright, of Co. C. of the Bucktail regiment, who left home about three weeks since to join his company, writes to a friend in this borough in reference to the re-enlistment of the Bucktails, as follows: "A great many of the men are re-enlisting, and all are being credited to New Jersey. They get a bounty of $250 or thereabouts, and it is paid to them in the field. Pennsylvania will not get much credit from here if she does not begin to offer some bounty." Wouldn't it be well for our citizens to make a note of this item of intelligence.

Our readers will recollect Lieut. E. N. Ford, a young man who formerly worked in the Citizen office in this place. They will also recollect that while attempting to arrest a deserter by the name of John Forney, in Fulton county, in 1863, he was shot by Forney, and subsequently died, Forney surrendered himself for trial, and after being taken to Washington, was sent back to Fulton county jail. During the rebel raid of that year Fulton county received a visit from the Southern Cavalry, the prison doors were thrown open and Forney left with his friends for the sunny south. Fulton county joins Maryland on the south, and her inhabitants are intensely secesh in their political sentiments. As soon as word could reach Forney from his friends at home he was advised to return and stand trial. He did so, and a few weeks since was tried for the murder of Ford. As was expected, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," and Forney was discharged.

Baltimore, Feb. 17, 1864.

The escaped Union officers reached here this morning and go to Washington this afternoon.

The account of their escape is full of thrilling interest, but, for prudential reasons many particulars are withheld from publication at present. They were fifty-one days making a tunnel. Having managed to find access to the cellar, they commenced work, relieving one another as opportunity offered.

Their instruments were case knives, pocket knives, chisels and files. Twice they had to abandon their work and commence anew on account of the obstructions, which they could not pass. They had hoped to have availed themselves of a culvert, but found it impracticable.

After getting through the wall they disposed of the excavated soil by drawing it out in a spittoon, which they attached to a cord.

This would be filled by the party in the tunnel, and pulled out into the cellar by their companions who disposed of it in shallow layers over the floor, concealing it beneath the straw. The work was necessarily very slow. So close was the atmosphere in the tunnel that they could remain in it but a few minutes at a time, and their candles would go out. At one time they got so near the head of the street that a small hole about the size of a stove-pipe, broke through, but fortunately that was not discovered by the guard, and was a great service, admitting air and enabling them to prosecute their work more rapidly. The tunnel, when completed, was about 60 feet long, and opened into an old tobacco shed beyond the line of guards. As soon as they found the way clear, they emerged slowly in small squads of two or three, and sauntered off until they got clear of the guards, making their way toward the Williamsburg road by the shortest routes. The darkness favored them, and the fact that all the Rebel soldiers whom they met were habited in the army coats of "Uncle Sam," which they had stolen from the supplies sent to our prisoners by our Government, was of great help to them.

Although they were attired in our army overcoats, and many of them had their haversacks, they found the National uniform a better disguise than if they had been provided with the genuine Rebel uniforms.

In order to elude the pursuers, who they knew would soon be on their track, they scattered as much as possible. Many were their hardships and sufferings, and frequent were their narrow escapes from the Rebel cavalry, who the next morning were bush-whacking in every direction for them.

The joy which they experienced when they first came in sight of our troops sent out to help them and protect them from their pursuers cannot be expressed.

To the officers and men of the eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, whom they first met, they express most profound gratitude for their unbounded kindness, and also hear listening to the gallantry with which these gallant fellows pursued the Rebel cavalry and rescued many of the wayworn fugitives who otherwise would have been captured.

There is good reason to hope that many more will yet come in safe.

Automobiles for Sale.

I have a four-cylinder Ford touring car, which will be demonstrated in Smethport to prospective buyers. Also several other second-hand cars in Buffalo. J. COOPER HUFFMAN,

25tf Smethport, Pa.

A Sixty-two Story Straw.

The importance of the announcement of the purpose of the Equitable Life Assurance society to erect in New York the tallest building in the world can hardly be exaggerated, no matter from what standpoint it is viewed. The building, inclusive of its tower, will have 62 stories and be 900 feet high above the curb. It is interesting but comparatively unimportant that the top of the flag pole which will surmount it will be 1,050 feet above the sidewalk. The building will be 209 feet taller than the 46-story Metropolitan building, which was considered a wonder of engineering and architecture. It is not a great while since a building 209 feet high was regarded as something worth talking about. Where will this cloud-kissing stop? What is the limit? Only a couple of years ago it was said by skyscraper architects that the height of a building was limited only by ability to run elevators to the top story, and it was seriously proposed to overcome this limitation by installing power plants on some upper floor from which a new set of elevators should be run to floors above. But the elevators of the new Equitable building will start from the ground floor and go clear to the top without transfer of passengers—that is, eight will do so, for it will be unnecessary to use a greater number in the 28-story tower.

Only a few months ago the Equitable Life Assurance society announced abandonment of the plans for its new building for the reason that financial conditions were unfavorable. The times have changed. No better evidence could be given that financial conditions are right for a general resumption of constructive work of all kinds than appears in the new announcement that the great structure will be erected and at a cost of $10,000,000. It is the most important and the largest straw that has come in to view showing that business winds are favorable to craft of all kinds. It is evidence of restored confidence that will have widespread influence. This one huge enterprise will stimulate a thousand small ones.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Safe and Sane "4th".

The Chicago Tribune says the Annual appeal is being made by the newspapers of the country for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July. It is a matter which cannot be too much emphasized. There is little doubt that an increasing large number of parents dread the approach of the national holiday each year. The long list of accidents always is appalling. The constant fear least fatalities come to the individual home is a natural one. The insurance company officials join the parents in their protest against the methods of observance which have so long prevailed. When they scan the reports of destructive fires properly charged against so-called patriotism there is small wonder at their attitude. But year after year preparations are made for a celebration which means certain injury for 5,000 persons, many of them children. Many of these injuries are fatal. Others will leave marks for the rest of life. A great calamity come to a city in the form of several million dollars. The sympathy of the world is manifested in contributions of large amounts. But at the same time the regular annual outlay of noise and fireworks goes on, envolving a total expenditure of some $20,000,000, for which there is not the slightest return in anything of tangible value. A recent writer has called attention to the fact that the United States is the only civilized in the world which tolerates such celebrations of a great day. Others with equal reason for national thanksgiving and pride, have devised ways of commemoration far more worthy than the barbaric one by which Americans recall the glory of 1776. It may take a generation of education to show the folly of the conventional Fourth of July celebration. But the tremendous aggregate of annual loss from this cause ought to work a reform in a people ordinarily considered blessed with a good share of plain common sense.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 27, 1908:

Miss Grace Cunningham (2), Mrs. Will Sartwell, L. W. Thomas, Phylena Williams. Foreign—Rose Cirrett.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. G. GALLUP, Postmaster.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns, and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents. 2

Jack Langdon's Celebration.

A Story of Russia, Grand Dukes, Bombs and Fireworks.

By GERALD BRENAN.

"I don't care if he is a grand duke, he has spoiled my Fourth of July!"

And Jack Langdon shook his small brown fist after the retreating carriage of his excellency the governor of O.

Jack Langdon's father was one of the growing number of Americans who have taken up business in Russia. He owned the iron works of V. and was respected both by foreigners and natives throughout the province governed by the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch. Relying on this respect and the favor with which the authorities regarded him, Mr. Langdon had ventured to waylay the grand duke on one of his morning drives for the purpose of asking certain privileges. The reply of the governor was polite, but none the less decided. He said: "You ask, my dear M. Langdon, that your son be permitted to celebrate your national holiday, the Fourth of July, by the letting off of certain explosives. I regret to have to inform you that such methods of jubilation, while common in America, could not be allowed in Russia. Firecrackers and bombs are too closely related."

"But, surely," protested Mr. Langdon, "a tiny demonstration in honor of the birth of a friendly nation"—

The grand duke raised his hand deprecatingly.

"I cannot help it," he said, "but such is the law. Your son will have to forego his cannon crackers, I fear, this Fourth of July."

And then, signaling to his outriders, the governor drove on, leaving Mr. Langdon rather annoyed and little Jack very angry indeed.

"I think it's a shame," soliloquized Jack, stalking moodily away, "and if ever I get to be president of the United States I'll remember this to Russia."

Despite his father's remonstrances Jack refused to be consoled. It was his first Fourth away from home, and he yearned with a mighty yearning for the "bang-bang" of the patriotically exploded cracker. And the more he thought it over the more he hated the Russian government in general and the province of V. in particular.

Brooding over his rebuff, Jack sauntered along the roadway until he encountered the familiar telegue driven by Uncle Petronchka, a neighboring peasant, with whom he had picked up some sort of acquaintance. To Jack's surprise, Uncle Petronchka did not seem so friendly as usual. In fact, the old farmer acknowledged the boy's salute only by a gruff inclination of his head and shook his mare's rein to urge her to a faster pace.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack. "What can be the matter with Uncle Petronchka? This is not fair day at V., so he cannot have taken too much vodka. I have done nothing to offend him, and I can't understand why he should act like this. Hello, Uncle Petronchka! What has happened to make you so grumpy?"

But Petronchka, answering only by a grunt, whipped up his shaggy mare, and the telegue disappeared round a corner.

Jack's curiosity was aroused, and for the nonce he forgot all about the governor's refusal to his petition. At this point the road took a sort of long loop so as to touch at a certain neighboring village, so that it was possible for Jack by cutting sharply across country to come out ahead of Petronchka's lumbering farm wagon two versts farther on. Across country went Jack, skimming the borders of the forest and encountering no living being until he once more leaped into the hard, white roadway on the opposite side of the loop.

EACH CARRIED UPON HIS BACK A HEAVY PACK.

"This is a great joke on Uncle Petronchka!" he cried. "How the old fellow will cross himself and wonder to see me here before him!"

Then it occurred to Jack to give the telegue driver a surprise, and, stepping into a little wood of pine and birch, he crouched down in the grass to await Petronchka's coming.

But the first wayfarers to pass along the quiet road came from the opposite direction—that in which Moscow lay. Peering out of his hiding place, Jack Langdon saw that these travelers were three in number, that they journeyed afoot and that each carried upon his back a heavy pack.

"This is the grove, Anton," said one of them as they came near the place where Jack lay. "I remember the trees. Let us set down our packs and wait for the peasant."

"Let them down lightly," cautioned another as he deposited his burden with extraordinary care on the soft, grassy bank. "Anything like a jar might send us all to the blessed land above"—

"Where there are no czars and no governor generals," added the third, with a little laugh. Then all three set down their packs and sat cautiously beside them.

"The peasant is late," said the last speaker after a pause. "I hope, Michael Dimitrovitch, that you have not scared him away."

"On the contrary," said the man addressed, "I think I have scared him hither. I told him frankly that unless he came the band would cut his throat as he slept."

"You did not let him suspect what the packs contain, I hope?" asked the one called Anton.

"Certainly not. He thinks we are simply smuggling rare Swiss clocks into V. The packs loaded into his telegue, he will return to the farmhouse. Tomorrow he has a license to haul a load of vegetables from the market garden of this Yankee mill owner, Langdon, into this city. He will carry the packs under his vegetables and deposit them unsuspected in the care of our good friend Feodor Michaelovitch, the tavern keeper. Once in Feodor's hands the rest is easy."

Michael Dimitrovitch slapped his knee joyously.

"Aha!" he said. "It is easy indeed—down the cellar stairs of Feodor's inn and thence through the mine to the palace vaults. Ho, ho! It will be a sad day for the grand duke, the Fourth of July. Those three little boxes of dynamite will blow the record chamber into atoms. All the incriminating documents will be destroyed—those documents which the grand duke has spent so many years gathering together. Perhaps even his excellency himself and a few of his officers may— But let us hope for the best!"

The other two nihilists laughed in chorus as their companion boasted of the coming destruction of the grand duke's record room, wherein so many manuscripts dangerous to the existence of their brotherhood were stored. As for Jack Langdon, young as he was, he could not help but understand the nature of the plot which had unraveled itself before him, and he shuddered involuntarily as he glanced at the three heavy packs, which he now knew to contain dynamite. All his bitter resentment against the grand duke was now forgotten, and, burrowing deeper into the deep grass, he watched developments, while pondering with all his might over some means of preventing the threatened outrage.

Presently along the road came the rumble of Uncle Petronchka's telegue. Jack saw the three conspirators lift up their packs and go to meet the old peasant. The perilous boxes were loaded into the wagon, he saw money exchange hands, and then Uncle Petronchka drove off toward his farm, while the three men passed the little wood once more, walking at a quick pace toward the north. Hardly were they out of sight than Jack sprang to his feet and set off along the road in the wake of Uncle Petronchka.

PETRONCHKA WAS HORRIFIED TO PERCEIVE THEREIN THE GRAND DUKE.

Late that night a score of police surrounded the farmhouse of the old farmer, drugged him out of bed and captured the packs of dynamite. Dragged by torchlight to the steps of a carriage near by, Petronchka was horrified to perceive therein the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch seated beside his little acquaintance, Jack Langdon. When he learned that what he thought were packages of smuggled clocks really contained deadly explosives, Petronchka broke down utterly and told the whole story, giving descriptions of the three conspirators, which afterward led to their capture, and completely verifying the account conveyed to the grand duke by little Jack Langdon.

Jack had saddled his own pony and ridden at full gallop into V., where he found the governor at a brilliant banquet. The news of a nihilistic conspiracy, however, secured him an audience, with the result that Petronchka's house was surrounded, the dynamite captured and the state records saved.

"And now, my little hero," said the governor when all was over, "what rewards can I confer upon you for your great service to Russia?"

Jack thought a moment and then answered, "First, I should like poor old Petronchka to get off, and, second, I want leave to explode firecrackers on the Fourth of July."

With an amused smile, the grand duke wrote the following order and handed it to the petitioner:

For the reason that Ivan Ivanovitch Langdon has placed the empire under an obligation it is hereby ordained—

First.—That the prisoner, Petronchka, be reminded indemnity in the custody of the said Ivan Ivanovitch.

Second.—That the said Ivan Ivanovitch be permitted on the 4th day of July next ensuing to explode firecrackers and squibs in such quantities as he thinks fit in honor of his native country; and,

Third.—That the municipality of V. be ordered to supply the said Ivan Ivanovitch with one ton of the very best firecrackers which its merchants can import across the frontier at the expense of the government.

Given under my hand and seal.

ALEXIS ALEXANDROVITCH,
Governor.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers, pleasant little pills that are easy to take. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A SAD FOURTH OF JULY.

The Day on Which Two of America's Greatest Patriots Died.

The Fourth of July, 1826, was the death day of two of the republic's greatest men, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. On July 4, 1831, five years later, James Monroe breathed his last. Sixty years later, on July 4, 1891, Hannibal Hamlin died.

The death of both Adams and Jefferson on the day accepted as the nation's birthday was a strange coincidence. The day was one neither forgot, for both were among the signers of the immortal document which originally first saw the light just fifty years before their death, both remembered the date, and each was cognizant of the other's mortal illness.

Adams was past ninety. Jefferson was about seven years younger. Yet he had lived thirteen years more than the threescore and ten years allotted by holy writ. At midnight eighty years ago, when Independence day was just being ushered in, Jefferson, even then dying, but with memory not yet altogether impaired, muttered, "This is the Fourth of July." In the morning Adams, the same thought apparently running through his mind, roused himself to ask, "Does Jefferson still live?" Adams died a little after midday, Jefferson a few hours later.

IRREVERENT INSECTS.

How Flies Interfered With the Signing of the Declaration.

Congress on July 19, 1776, ordered the Declaration passed on the Fourth, fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of "The unanimous Declaration of the 13 United States of America," and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of congress."

It was a sultry day in August. Jefferson, when in a genial, reminiscent mood, was accustomed to say that the signing was hastened by swarms of flies that came into the hall through the open windows of the statehouse from a livery stable near by. The day's business had been arduous. It was hot and sticky; and the flies assaulted the silk stockinged legs of the honorable members with vigor and real Tory vindictiveness. With handkerchiefs and all available papers the fathers of liberty lashed the flies, but with no avail. The onslaught became unendurable, and the members, capitulating, made haste to sign and bring the momentous business to a close. Of the fifty-six signatures not all were attached even at this date.—Washington Star.

Where the Declaration Is Kept.

The original engrossed copy of the Declaration as signed is now in the keeping of the secretary of state. The document was in the patent office from 1841 to 1877, as that department was believed to be fireproof. It is now, since 1894, kept hermetically sealed in a frame and placed in a steel cabinet, with the original signed copy of the constitution. It is no longer shown to any one except by express order of the secretary. Being on parchment, which shows destructive signs of cracking, due more probably to the making of a facsimile ordered by President James Monroe in 1823 than to age or handling, the document is jealously guarded. Many of the names of the signers are no longer legible. Two pages of Jefferson's original draft, with a few interlineations by Adams and Franklin, are also preserved at the department of state. The facsimile which was ordered by President Monroe was made for the purpose of giving a copy to each of the signers then living and their heirs. These original copies are now of great value.—Baltimore News.

Pineules for the kidneys, 60 days' trial $1.00. Guaranteed. Act directly on the kidneys and bring relief in the first dose for backache, rheumatic pains, kidney and bladder trouble. Invigorate the entire system. Sold by Pahco Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MIRROR.

FORTY-SIX STARS NOW.

Oklahoma's Admission to Union Keeps Flag Factories Busy.

The United States naval flagmaking establishment in the bureau of equipment building at the Brooklyn navy yard has been unusually busy this year. One cause of this activity was the adding of the additional star for the new state of Oklahoma to the national flag, making forty-six stars in all. This necessitated an entirely new arrangement of the stars as well as the manufacture of thousands of the new forty-six star designs which every American vessel will have to carry. Although the new flag does not go into effect officially until July 4, to have the required number in readiness meant hustle all the part of the flagmakers.

The stars are cut by machine, a star shaped die cutting out a half hundred stars at one stroke. These are basted on by hand and finally stitched on the flag by machine. Instead of the old arrangement, where the six rows alternate each with seven or eight stars, the new United States flag has them arranged in the following manner: Top row, eight stars; second row, seven; third row, eight; fourth row, eight; fifth row, seven; sixth row, eight.

The operatives engaged in making the flags enjoy their work and enter into it with more interest than is usually displayed by men and women engaged in an occupation of this sort. But few very large flags are turned out in the establishment, the demand being almost wholly for the sizes used on battleships and fortifications.

The full flag equipment of a battleship costs about $2,500.—New York Mail.

July Fourth.

This glorious Independence day
Stands memorable in history—
A date that hints the mingled play
Of sequence and of mystery.

'Twas Hawthorne's birthday, eighteen and four.
His myriad Anglo-Saxon debtors
Acclaim from many a distant shore
The graceful "Marble Faun" of letters.

And Garibaldi, too, was born
On this day back in eighteen and seven.
To Italy, by faction torn,
He brought our own free Union heaven.

We broke the ground for our canal—
The Erie; De Witt Clinton planned it—
On July Fourth at Rome, and all
The world of eighteen and sixteen scanned it.

A decade more, see Adams dead,
The elder John, our second president,
And Monticello's pall is laid
On Jefferson, her laureled resident.

Monroe, whose doctrine statesmen quote,
In eighteen and thirty-one was stricken.
He died on July Fourth, you note,
Whose words our nation's pulses quicken.

Texas annexed in forty-five—
Again the mystic date is fateful—
And parties long will strive and strive
To settle if the gain is grateful.

Vicksburg surrendered, sixty-four,
The river key to upland regions.
Grant's triumph rings from shore to shore,
Our flag above his conquering legions.

St. Louis' mighty bridge of steel
In seventy-four is opened proudly—
A giant hand, our poets feel,
Twixt east and west applauded loudly.

In ninety-four—again this date—
With Yankee energy to lend 'em
And hound to tent the will of fate,
Hawaiians make their strike for freedom.

In ninety-eight the Fourth is cheered,
Applause for Sobley and Sampson mixing.
Spain's navy smashed, as it appeared
The day before, beyond all fixing.

This glorious Independence day
Stands memorable in history—
A date that hints the mingled play
Of sequence and of mystery!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is one preparation known today that will promptly help the stomach. This is Kodol. Kodol digests all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly, so that the use of Kodol for a time will without doubt help anyone who has stomach disorders or stomach trouble. Take Kodol to-day and continue it for the short time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Kodol is sold by H. [illegible]

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In good, reliable companies.

The Patriot.

A Gun For Little John and Dynamite For the Baby.

This is my country's natal morn. My heart with rapture thrills.
I've bought a gun for little John, the kind that sometimes kills.
And Susie has a pistol too. She'll burn herself, I fear.
But what's the difference if she does? It's only once a year!

"I'VE BOUGHT A GUN FOR LITTLE JOHN."

In patriotism lack it never shall
That little
be a
The baby has
might blow
They're somewhat dan
filled with dynamite.
But shoot them off, my darlin' child;
'tis only once a year.

I've heard that rockets have been known to put out children's eyes.
Of course in every childish sport some danger lurking lies.
We'll have to take our chance of that—they mustn't stand too near—
For we must celebrate the Fourth; 'tis only once a year.

So, though the baby's blown to bits and Johnny's lost his sight,
Though Susie's hair is all burnt off by time that it is night,
I'll sing "My country, 'tis of thee," in accents loud and clear,
For I have kept the glorious Fourth, which comes but once a year.

"THOUGH THE BABY'S BLOWN TO BITS."

—Elsie Duncan Yale in Lippincott's.

Flag Facts.

The flag of the United States was adopted by our national congress June 14, 1777.

The brilliant flag of Austria-Hungary was adopted March 5, 1869, and floats over 24,000,000 people.

The oldest flag in existence is that of Denmark, which dates from 1219.

The well known tricolor of France dates from the revolution of 1789.

The German flag was first unfurled in 1867 and floats over an empire of 62,000,000 people.

In compliment to William, prince of Orange, the great leader, the colors of the house of Orange were added by the sturdy people of the Netherlands at the end of their long bout with Spain, orange, white and blue, but nobody knows how during the centuries since the orange became changed to red.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch, among whom he learned shipbuilding. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor, red, white and blue, upside down.

The simple striping of the red and yellow in the flag of Spain was suggested by the arms of Aragon.

The white cross on the red field of the Swiss flag has a religious meaning. It was adopted as an appeal to heaven in 1339, when the stout Swiss fought and won one of their greatest battles.

The crescent, moon and stars were adopted by the Turks as their device on the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453.

It has taken a thousand years to build up the great British empire of 386,000,000 people, of which the familiar flag of Great Britain is the symbol.

There are many flags in many lands,
And there are flags of every hue,
But there's no flag, however grand,
Like our own red, white and blue.

—Boston Traveler.

A Fourth of July Game.

The new Fourth of July game of "abbreviated states" calls forth lively competition. A prize is given for the first correct list of the following questions:

What state reminds you of a great rainfall? Ark.

What state can be often multiplied? Tenn.

What state commences the domestic week? Wash.

What state is mightier than the sword? Penn.

What state is always sure of itself? Kan.

What state has a medical degree? Md.

What state is a chronic invalid? Ill.

What state is a maiden? Miss.

What state suggests a sheltered spot? Del.

What state is a woman's name? Minn.—Washington Star.

The Chesapeake a Flour Mill.

The Chesapeake's final fate was a curious one. She was taken to England and in 1820 was sold to one John Prior, a miller of Wickham, for old timber. Prior tore down his old flour mill and built another one out of the Chesapeake's timbers, many of which still contained solid shot from the Shannon's guns.

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to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
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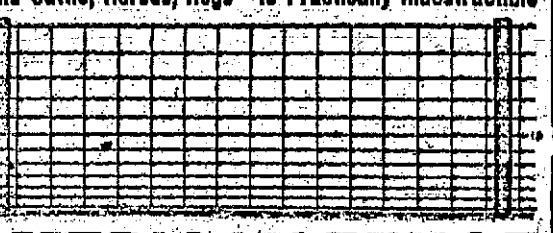

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Roofing and building material

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 2, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Where are you going to spend the Fourth?

—Sir Thomas Lipton will again race for the American cup.

—Large fish stories and small catches are the prevailing conditions at present.

—Maine fishermen claim to have captured a sea serpent weighing 15,000 pounds. And yet it is claimed that the Maine Prohibition law really prohibits.

—The Fourth of July celebration at Mt. Alton will attract several Smethport people. The ox roast, clam bake and clay bird shoot will act as the magnets.

—Mr. Bayle's Sunday school class will serve ice cream on the Brownell lot by the Grange bank to-day and to-morrow from 3 to 9 p. m. Proceeds to be applied on painting of the M. E. church.

—Early Friday morning last the hotel owned and conducted by David Thomas at Weedville was burned to the ground and Samuel Dutry, a woodsman whose home was in Sabula, was cremated. Other property was damaged to the extent of $5,800.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

—The first woman sentenced to death in the electric chair at Auburn, N. Y., is now in that institution. It is Mary Farmer, convicted in Watertown of the brutal murder of Sarah Brennan at Paddy Hill, near Brownsville, Jefferson county, on April 28, last. She will be electrocuted during the week of August 2nd.

—The postoffice at DeGolia was broken into last night, the thieves carrying away all the available property. Fortunately there were not many stamps on hand, and no money, so that the loss is small. Mr. Ward, the postmaster, discovered the burglary when he opened the office this morning. No clue has been obtained of the thieves.—Friday's Bradford Star.

—Mrs. May Todd of Friendship on Friday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Joseph Presutti of Belmont, N. Y., a tenant house and lot located on John street in Belmont. Mr. Presutti is an industrious Italian, employed as an iron moulder in Clark Brothers' shop at Belmont, and this is the second piece of real estate in Belmont which he has [illegible] and paid for.

—The Detroit police believe they are on the trail of Mrs. Belle Gunness of La Porte, Ind., who is suspected of wholesale murder on her farm near that city. Two young women whom the police had in custody are said to have met Mrs. Gunness since her supposed burned body was found in the ruins of her home. The police say that the statements of the two young women convinced them that Mrs. Gunness is still alive.

—A remarkable incident is reported from Duke Center. It will be remembered that a few days ago a trout 28 inches long was caught in a pool at the junction of Church Run and Knapps Creek, about two miles from Duke Center. Well, yesterday Wm. Southard caught from the same pool a trout exactly 28 inches long which weighed 7½ pounds, both fish having been photographed. This is perhaps the most notable trout catch ever known in this section, and the story is true. But, although speckled, the fish are not, of course, ordinary trout. They are known to natural history as inland salmon trout.

—Did you ever hear of a cat's tail becoming so tightly twisted that the end of it finally dropped off? The Democrat has knowledge of such an occurrence, and is prepared to prove the statement. The mother of the kittens is a bob-tail cat. Recently she gave birth to four little ones. Two of them had bob-tails and the tails of the others were of the ordinary kind. When one of the kittens, which had been born with a full length tail was about two months old, it's tail began to curl, until it was finally in a twist, such as is sometimes seen in rope. This twist gradually became tighter, until half of the tail dropped off. The pussy apparently did not experience any great pain, and was happy and playful as the other little ones.—Potter Democrat.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 35 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am better in health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, Atlanta, Aug. 1904." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Grange News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Supper was served to over one hundred Patrons in the hall Saturday the 27th. There were 22 visitors present. Nineteen candidates received the 3rd and 4th degrees. Deputy State Master Leo V. Godding was present and gave instructions in the use of the Shepherd's Staff, the Patron's test, and much more of interest. J. W. Lee of Smethport extended an invitation to all Patrons of Husbandry, and all others, no matter what their calling, to attend the anniversary of the opening of the Grange National Bank at Smethport July 9th. Response, giving vote of thanks from the grange. Remarks by Henry Rice, asking the grange to consider a school of five days at Smethport in place of the Farmers' Institute. The approval of its members is requested to carry it out. No vote was taken. Remarks in a few well chosen words by G. B. Mayo and A. L. Hackett. Prayer by Chaplain Mrs. Henry Cooke.

General News.

Sisters Lura and Beatrice Day returned Saturday from Tionesta where they have been attending a teachers' training school. They were present at grange and filled their offices as organist and lady assistant steward.

Murril Stickles has been here soliciting orders for plating. He will have his plating works at East Smethport.

A Banker's Generosity.

One day Humboldt was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

Wanted a Bargain.

One day a small Cincinnati boy came to a halt before a sign over a desk in the office of the express company. It gave the rate for money orders, and after studying it for a few minutes he walked up to the cashier and said boldly:

"I want a money order."

"How large a one, my boy?" the clerk inquired benignantly.

"Well, let's see," pondered the little fellow. "The rate for a ten dollar order is 8 cents, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's right."

"Well, I want a drum and pair of roller skates and a new straw hat and some candy. Ten dollars will be enough."

Then he fished through his pockets and triumphantly placed a nickel and three coppers before the astonished clerk. It took ten minutes to convince the youngster that nothing less than $10.08 could buy a money order for $10.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Give Him a Chance.

"Say, ma," piped up little Johnny after the minister had finished his call and taken his departure, "when Mr. Meeker was here every time you stopped talkin' a minute he would start in to say somethin' an' git us fur every time as 'I dare say,' an' then you would start goin' ag'in an' talk a lot more, an' that is the way it kept on right along, an' the only thing he said all the time he was here was 'I dare say,' 'I dare say,' every few minutes."

"Well, what of it? I am not to blame for Mr. Meeker's paucity of ideas, am I?" demanded Johnny's mother, somewhat impatiently.

"I dunno 'bout that," said Johnny doubtfully, as if not exactly sure what was meant by paucity of ideas, "but anyhow, ma, you orter give him a chanst. When he started in with 'I dare say,' why didn't you keep quiet jest once, ma, an' let him go ahead an' say what he was goin' to an' have it over with?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Chapel on a Bridge.

At St. Ives, the little old Huntingdonshire town in which Oliver Cromwell lived for several years, there is a bridge spanning the lazily flowing Ouse, and on this bridge is a quaint building which at one time did duty as a chapel. The structure has been in existence for something like 600 years and was, according to local historians, originally employed as a beacon lighthouse. After that it was turned for a time into a hostel and eventually became an ordinary dwelling house. Some of the rooms in this curious building are below the level of the water in the river.

His Sorrow.

"You know that box of cigars you gave me on my birthday, dear?" said a man to his wife.

"Yes."

"Well, I took them down to the office, and some one stole them."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I—for the thief!" was the cruel remark.

An Outsider.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, er—that is—she told me to come to you—she says you— Pater—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbles? Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss!—Cleveland Leader.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Blind Man's Ruse.

"My great-uncle, who was blind," said a Frenchman, "once buried $4,000 in gold louis under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully.

"Some days later my uncle brought fifty more louis down to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth.

He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He was thoughtful and distrait, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' said my great-uncle frankly, 'I have 1,000 louis hid away in a safe place, and today a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis in cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money or put it where the other is. What do you advise?'

"'Why,' said the neighbor eagerly, 'if your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this money there too.'

"My great-uncle said firmly that that was what he would do. It was the wisest course. Then he took his leave.

"And when next day he went to the pear tree again there, sure enough, was his lost 1,000 louis, all put back again."—Exchange.

Ingersoll on Clover.

In declining an invitation to a Clover club dinner once Colonel Robert Ingersoll wrote:

"A wonderful thing is 'clover.' It means honey and cream—that is to say, industry and contentment—that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields and at the cottage gate 'Old Boss,' the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud in that blessed twilight pause that, like a benediction, falls between toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome loving wives, of honest men, of springs and brooks and violets and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life.

"A wonderful word is clover! Drop the 'c,' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'l,' and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'r' alone, and there remains a very deceitful bud that sweetens the breath and keeps peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"

A Curious Plant.

"A curious plant," said an eminent botanist, "is the wild tamarind or jubabplant of the riverside and waste places of tropical America, and very strange are its effects upon the horse and animals that feed upon its young shoots, leaves, pods and seeds. It causes horses to lose the hair from their manes and tails, has a similar effect upon mules and donkeys and reduces pigs to complete nakedness. Horses are said to recover when fed exclusively on corn and grass, but the new hair is of different color and texture from the old, so that the animal is never quite the same as it was. One animal of which I personally knew after feeding on the plant lost its hoofs and had to be kept in slings until they grew and hardened again. Ruminant animals are not thus affected, and the growth of the plant is actually encouraged in the Bahamas as a fodder plant for cattle, sheep and goats. The difference is probably due to changes effected upon it in the chewing of the cud."

A Trying Position.

An East Indian paper prints the following, written by a native subordinate in his diary while in a very trying position:

"Up a tree where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line. This is very inconsiderate tiger and causes me great griefs, as I have before reported to your honor. This is two times he spoiled my work, coming and shouting like thunder and putting me up a tree and making me behave like an insect. It is a very awkward fate to me, and the tiger is most inconsiderate."

The Widow's Dower.

It is certain that "dower," the estate for life which the widow acquires at her husband's death, was not known among the early Saxons. In the laws of King Edmund the widow is directed to be supported wholly out of the personal estate. Dower is generally ascribed to the Normans, but it was first introduced into the feudal system by Emperor Frederick II., who was contemporary with the English Henry III., about 1250.

The Word "News."

On the derivation of the word "news," which has been a puzzle to many learned philologists, there is the following:

The word explains itself without a muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes "news;"
From north, east, west and south the solution's made.
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Warnings For the Wise.

You know the first signpost on the Great Main road? "When a woman advertises that she is virtuous, a man that he is a gentleman, a community that it is loyal or a country that it is invaluable—go the other way."—Rudyard Kipling.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiors.—Shenstone.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

1 139303

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Man That Made Niagara.

When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony, such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion, and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced—a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence and of perhaps unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there, he did not mingle with them, but strutted and plumed himself for their benefit, posing that they might get the full effect of all his majesty.

One of the station porters was so impressed that, stepping up to another who was hurrying by trundling a load of luggage, he jerked his thumb in Conkling's direction and—

"Who's that fellar?" he asked. "Is he the man as built the bridge?"

The other studied the great man a moment.

"Thunder! No," said he. "He's the man as made the falls."—H. Perry Robinson in Putnam's Magazine.

Had a Treat For His Wife.

Dr. George Harvey, a local veterinary physician, was called to a stable not long ago to minister to a horse that was down with colic. It was a serious case, and the doctor saw that the only way to save the horse would be to insert a tube in its side and allow the gas on its stomach to escape. Just because he thought it would startle the owner of his horse Harvey struck a match and lighted the gas at the end of the tube. The man didn't say much at the time, but he was properly impressed. He had never heard of using a horse for an illuminating plant. The next day when Dr. Harvey came around to see how the horse was getting along—it was all over the colic then—the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"My wife was away yesterday," he said, "but she's home now. Just light up the horse again, will you? I want her to see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Sun and Moon.

In China the sun and moon are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who looks after his rather silly sister, the sun. This is exactly the reverse of our legends, which make the sun the day king and the gentle moon lady of the night. One day in China, so the legend runs, the sun asked the moon if she couldn't go out at night. The moon answered very sternly: "No. You are a young lady and it would be improper for you to go out at night." Then the sun said, "But the people keep looking at me when I go out in the daytime." So the moon told her to take the golden needles that she wore in her hair and stick them into the eyes of people when they stared at her. This is the reason why no one can look at the sun without pain.

Sothern and Laura Keene.

While in New York and before he had made any hit the elder Sothern had a dispute with Laura Keene concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keene went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" interrupted the comedian, and, advancing to the light, he deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded, in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now go on!"

A Green Old Age.

Mabel—And did your grandfather live to a green old age? Jack—Well, I should say so! He was swindled three times after he was seventy.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & BASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per inch per annum, payable quarterly. One inch space and no advertisement less than this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Deaths, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $4.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop't.

Smethport, Thursday, July 9, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

THE National Tube company at McKeesport resumed operations on Monday giving employment to 5000 men.

IT is now claimed that W. J. Bryan will refuse to accept the Democratic nomination for president if Governor Johnson is to be his running mate.

THE condition of Hon. James Sherman, Republican candidate for Vice President, is considerably improved and he left the hospital at Cleveland yesterday.

GROVER CLEVELAND, who for eight years was president of the United States, was buried at 6 o'clock Friday evening at Princeton, N. J. The service was conducted without a musical note, vocal or instrumental.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Essex county, the county in which Grover Cleveland was born, to raise a fund for a national monument as a fitting tribute to his memory. Already several prominent citizens of the state have been interviewed on the subject and they have all expressed a desire to be among the subscribers to such a cause.

THE Provinces of Cavite, Batangas, Cebu, Rizal, Bataan and La Union, where heretofore there have been approximately 6,000 deaths annually from smallpox, have not reported one death from this disease. In all, there have been over 2,000,000 vaccinations performed, the direct effect of which was that many lives were spared and thousands of persons were saved from being disfigured for life, and at the few places at which smallpox did break out it made no headway.

SECRETARY LOEB has announced that there will be a change in the inaugural ceremony at Washington next March. Heretofore it has been the custom for the newly inaugurated president and his predecessor to ride together to the White House, after the oath of office has been administered at the Capitol. President Roosevelt has decided, no matter who his successor may be, he will not accompany him to the White House, but will, immediately after the ceremony at the capitol, go to the Union station and take the train for Oyster Bay.

A PHILADELPHIA young man murdered a girl a few days ago in a shocking manner. He desired her to go back to her young husband and to give him (the young man) up entirely. She would not go back to her husband and would not give up her lover. Thereupon the latter stabbed her through the heart. He is now awaiting trial and whether the unwritten law can be made to stretch over his case, his counsel is trying to find out. Ordinarily the lover kills his sweetheart because she is about to leave him. The Philadelphian reversed the general order.—Bradford Era.

SOME of our exchanges are misleading their readers by making it appear that all the alleged State Capitol grafters have been acquitted. On March 18, last Contractor John H. Sanderson, former Auditor General William P. Snyder, former State Treasurer W. L. Mathues and James M. Shumaker, former superintendent of public grounds and buildings, were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and are now on bail awaiting a decision of the court on a motion for a new trial. On Saturday, June 13, the above-named State officials and Joseph M. Huston, the architect, and Congressman H. Burd Cassel were acquitted on another charge, but this in no way alters the verdict in the former case. The alleged grafters will also have to stand trial on other indictments.

IT is reported that Secretary of State Root is President Roosevelt's choice for chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, to fill the vacancy that will be caused by the retirement of Chief Justice Fuller. There is no question that the legal ability of Elihu Root would add greatly to the weight and dignity of the supreme court. Mr. Root is sixty-three years of age and in the prime of life. The question is, not whether he is big enough for the place but whether he would make the sacrifice his acceptance would entail. Secretary Root is not a wealthy man, as wealth is measured these days, and had he followed his own inclinations would have retired from the cabinet some time ago to resume the active practice of law. The distinguished honor of being chief justice of the United States is one not to be thrown aside lightly and many hope that Secretary Root will decide to accept the offer the president has made.—Bradford Star.

SOME Democrats seem to think that in case Governor Johnson of Minnesota is given second place on their national ticket that nearly all the Swedish-Americans throughout this country will swallow Brynism and the whole batch of Democratic fallcies and vote that ticket from top to bottom in order to do honor to Mr. Johnson, who is of Swedish extraction, but unless we are very much mistaken the Democrats are doing a big job of counting unhatched chickens. The Swedish-Americans are about as intelligent a class of voters as we have and they are not so easily caught. They are an energetic, progressive people and they will not sacrifice the welfare of the nation and themselves for the sake of doing Mr. Johnson the honor of electing him vice-president. They know too well what it would mean to them individually to have the Democratic party in control of affairs at this time and will keep on the safe side by voting for Republicanism and prosperity.

THERE is in W. J. Bryan's make-up, a very strong characteristic, says the Bradford Era. It is the faculty which enables him to persevere. If at first he is not elected President, he tries again. The average man would allow one defeat to be enough. He would turn to another occupation. But Bryan, early in his career, adopted the calling of an office-seeker and has been working at his trade ever since. And the most remarkable thing about the situation is that Bryan's party encourages him in his ambitions. No matter what may be his issue the Democracy is with Bryan, heart and soul. Other men may try to lead the party and endeavor to make new arrangements, but they are brushed aside and Bryan the peerless usually looms up as master of the situation. The coming convention at Denver will be an entirely Bryanesque affair from beginning to end. Bryan will dictate terms to the delegates. He will give them a platform to adopt. He will select a running mate most pleasing to him. Bryan is a positive character. His mind is usually "set" on some special object, and he forces his followers, by various processes, to believe as he does. His personal magnetism, nerve, persistence, radicalism and oratory constitute his stock in trade. Bryan will probably be nominated on the first ballot. As a professional candidate he has mastered the tricks of his trade and he is strong with Democrats. But the Republicans refuse to flop in his direction, and, therefore, he continues to be an aspirant for office instead of a holder of one.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man-Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Recommended and sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Notice to Painters.

The directors of the Keating township School District give notice that bids will be received by the Secretary for the painting of any or all school houses in Keating township, on or before July 15. Paint to be used to be composed of pure linseed oil. Bids will be received with Keating township furnishing paint, also with contractors furnishing paint. Said directors of school district reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

H. D. ORVO, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

Season of 1908.

My large Spanish jack "Pedro" will stand at the farm of Robert Oliver in Reed hollow the remainder of the season.

JOHN CONNERS.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

Sahes
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on Monday, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock, a. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, under and in pursuance of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations." Approved the 26th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, by Ada M. Young, Jane N. Fortyche, Katherine D. McKean, Rena G. Walker, Addie O. Specht, and others, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Travelers' Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania," the character and object of which are, The maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, educational and literary purposes, and to that end to provide, furnish, equip and maintain a suitable building or club house for the use, comfort and convenience of its members, and if practicable to establish and maintain a public library thereon; and to provide the necessary funds for such purposes; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Solicitor.

WANTED INFORMATION LEADING TO
Farm or Business
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to deal from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address,
L. BARTHMIRE, Box 5030 Rochester, N. Y.

Fine Tract Thrifty Timber For Sale.

We offer for sale 3,000,000 feet white and yellow pine, 1,000,000 feet of hemlock, 500,000 feet of short oak, white wood and basswood and 80,000 oak and chestnut railroad ties, all standing on 1625 acres, located near Huntley in Cameron county, Pa., two miles from the Pennsylvania railroad and 11 miles from Emporium, Pa. Four hundred and twenty-five acres of timber is in fee and the balance can stand eight years. Three experienced estimators have gone over the tract carefully and the owner believes that the timber will saw out considerably more that the estimate. The timber is very thrifty and is a mighty fine piece either to cut and market or to hold as an investment. There is a steady market at the railroad for the ties. This entire tract will be sold for $35,000, which means $8 per thousand stumpage with the ties thrown in. The terms are $7,000 cash and easy payments on the balance. Write or telephone if interested.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

E-7618

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and sham of the railroad business.

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Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$200,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business: no account too small, no transaction too large.

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White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at
ANDORFER & LYLE'S
Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for, We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt $1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt $1.50 a barrel.

Oscar Engstrom.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow
East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

H. C. BEMIS
Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work
Planing Mill & Retail Lumber
Estimates furnished from plans and specifications
Inquiries and inspection solicited.
Phones

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

—TO—

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

JULY 17, 31, AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

DALY & GARLICK.

Buy the Standard make of Farm Machinery, for which you can always get extra parts. We sell the McCORMICK, DEERING and MILWAUKEE MOWERS, TEDDERS and RAKES.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 2, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Are you coming to the picnic July 9th?

—The races are on at Bradford this week.

—Dance in the Lyceum every Saturday night.

—Three automobiles had to be towed into town Tuesday evening.

—See the change in advertisement of Oscar Engstrom in this issue.

—Remember the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—Be sure and come to the picnic at Smethport July 9th and hear the speakers.

—Hon. Robert P. Habgood will deliver the address at Mt. Alton on July 4th.

—The Smethport baseball team will play two games of ball at Mt. Jewett July 4th.

—The Berney-Bond bottle factory shut down for the summer vacation Tuesday afternoon.

—All Grangers, farmers and their friends should attend the basket picnic at Smethport July 9th.

—Miss Rachel Mayo entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on West Main street Wednesday afternoon.

—A good time is always assured at the dances held in the Lyceum every Saturday night. Chadwick's orchestra furnishes the music.

—Samuel Ramer and Frank Cummings have purchased the billiard and pool room of J. F. Eberspatcher and have taken possession.

—Julius Hornlein is building an addition on the west side of his residence on King street. A. H. Kidder is assisting him with the work.

—Mrs. Sarah House, aged 93 years, died yesterday morning at 6:30 o'clock at the home of her son, John H. Lebarron at Garlock.—Thursday's Era.

A boiler explosion at Cottage, near de Valley, N. Y., last Friday caused the death of three men and three more are seriously, if not mortally, injured.

—John Thomas Smith is the superintendant of the Potter County Home. He was elected Saturday by the County Commissioners, and assumed the duties of his new position Wednesday, July 1.

—A panther was seen by two men on Francis Hill, Potter county, one day recently, which they claimed would measure seven feet from tip to tip, crossed the road in front of a team and meandered off into the brush. This is the first panther seen in this section for several years.

—Despite the claims of many that automobiles do a good deal of damage to the roads, we have better country roads in the vicinity of Smethport than we had before autos were numerous.

—A. J. Gilliland had his right hand painfully lacerated on Tuesday morning. He rested his hand on a rapidly moving belt and the links caught in the palm tearing the flesh in a very painful manner.

—Unless some new complication arises work will be started on the paving of Main street next week. Materials have commenced to arrive and everything is expected to be in readiness by that time.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club at the Lyceum Tuesday evening was a great success. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music, delicious refreshments were served and all had a delightful time.

—The water and gas companies have men at work preparing their lines for the new pavement. Some of the lines will have to be lowered and all will be put in first-class condition in order to avoid repairs after the pavement is laid.

—While assisting in a duet at the Baptist church at Jeannette, Pa., Sunday evening, Irene Axton, aged 19 years, suddenly fell forward across the choir rail and expired before help could reach her. Miss Axton had been subject to slight attacks of heart trouble.

—Charles Mikolejesyk, a Polish laborer, lost his life by drowning in a pond at Austin Saturday night. After the mill had shut down he and a companion went into the stream for a bath with the above result. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his untimely death.

—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Oviatt, Thursday, June 18, Rev. Smith united in marriage Mr. Glenn Burton and Miss Katheryn Oviatt, both of this place. Both of the young people are well known and have the best wishes of all for their future happiness.

—Miss Genevieve Loney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Loney of Limestone, N. Y., was united in marriage to Mr. James McCabe of this city, at St. Patrick's church at Limestone at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, Rev. Father Woidman officiating. There was a large number of friends and relatives of the young couple in attendance.—Bradford Era. The groom is a former Smethport young man and he has a host of friends here who wish them a long life

—On account of the Fourth of July the Smethport grocery stores will keep open Friday evening and be closed all day Saturday. The dry goods stores will keep open Friday evening and until 9:30 Saturday morning. The clothing stores will keep open Friday evening and until noon Saturday.

—The Hon. Judge Joseph Bouton and son, Chas. McKean, W. P. Walsh, John Forrest, Horace Redfield, Geo. W. Mitchell and Dr. McCoy of Smethport are spending the week on the East Fork angling for the speckled beauties. They are making headquarters at Bennetts, and it is safe to say they are catching some fish.—Austin Autograph.

—Miss Ada Ness of Tuttle, Okla., formerly of Smethport, was taken to Oklahoma City on Wednesday, June 24, and operated on for appendicitis at St. Anthony's Hospital. A card from Miss Edna Ness states that she is getting along as well as could be expected. Her rapid recovery will be anxiously awaited by her many friends in this vicinity.

—Any one knowing the whereabouts of Richard or Rufus R. Wilson, who was a reporter and magazine writer in New York some time ago and whose home is said to have been in Bradford, is asked to communicate with Attorney T. B. Wilson of Bradford. A New York man has written Mr. Wilson for the information, saying that it will be advantageous to R. R. Wilson if he is found.

—Mrs. H. C. Wells, assisted by her pupils, gave a recital at her residence last Friday. There were 20 numbers on the program, consisting of vocal and piano solos, duos and trios, which was attended by invited relatives of her scholars. All acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. After the recital Mrs. Wells treated her scholars and guests to a delightful picnic luncheon on her lawn.

—The last page of this issue is devoted to the semi-annual clearance sale which is now being held by The Lindholm Co. An immense stock of goods is offered by this popular firm at greatly reduced prices and persons in need of any of the goods advertised will do well to call and inspect them during the sale. This sale commenced Saturday and will continue three weeks, ending Saturday, July 18.

—The annual reunion of the Downey family was held at the home of Leonard S. Fish at the Nine Mile cheese factory, Allegany county, N. Y., on Sunday, June 28. Those in attendance from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanley and granddaughter, Alex Patterson and Mrs. Beardsley of Shingle House, Mrs. Wade Theetge and Mrs. Elida Theetge of Perry, N. Y. The next meeting place is to be decided on by the president and secretary of the association.

—Saturday evening on the carnival grounds at Kane was the scene of a lively scrap between Jack Siffron and an Italian. There had been bad blood between the two for some time. When Siffron met the Italian Saturday night he gave him a punch or two without a word of warning. The Italian drew a razor and cut a gash across Siffron's forehead that required thirteen stitches to close. The Italian was caught and lodged in jail. Siffron at this writing is able to be up and around.

—Mrs. William Tryon, a wealthy Fitchburg, Mass., woman, made a trip from that place to Salisbury, N. C., in a glass covered, coffin-like box. She has been in ill health for some time and had the box made in order to take the trip without getting a draft of cool air. She considers a room with the temperature at 80 cold and refuses to be given fresh air, for fear she will die. Any person who cannot keep warm in the ordinary railway coach or parlor car at this time of year is certainly in a serious condition.

—Eric Anderson of Warren was killed and R. M. Knabb and Mrs. Eric Anderson also of Warren were very seriously injured when Mr. Knabb's White touring car turned turtle in a curve at the bottom of a hill near the Outing club, two and a half miles from Warren, about 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening. The car was traveling 45 miles an hour at the time, and the escape from serious injury of its other three passengers, Mrs. Knabb, her five-year-old daughter, Lizzie, and her two-year-old niece, Margaret Winger, daughter of Chief E. H. Winger of the Warren fire department, is nothing short of miraculous.

—Henry McSweeney, who has been solicitor for the National Transit Co. at Oil City for nearly 25 years past, resigned his position on Tuesday and in token of the esteem in which Mr. McSweeney is held by his associates he was presented with a large loving cup of solid silver, beautifully engraved. Mr. McSweeney is a heavy stockholder in the glass manufacturing machine which has been installed at Hazelhurst and which will be installed at Mt. Jewett and other places and it is understood that he will devote his time to these interests. Mr. McSweeney is a prominent attorney and formerly lived in Smethport where he has many friends who will be happy to learn of the esteem in which he is held and his successes since leaving here.

—Mrs. J. F. Bigler gave a reception and banquet last Saturday evening in Haven Hall in honor of Miss Lucile Hinman, whose marriage to Mr. Raymond Prather of Troy Center, Pa., takes place this week. Members of the faculty and their wives were present to congratulate the bride-elect who is a very popular teacher in the school. The festivities closed with the presentation of toasts and an elegant loving cup to Miss Hinman, a gift from Prof. and Mrs. Bigler. Miss Hinman has been the teachers and students of the school including a silver baking dish, a cut glass water service, a carving set and a chafing dish, the latter from the first gym team—all of which attest the love and esteem in which Miss Hinman is held by the entire school whose best wishes follow her.—Edinboro Independent.

Personal Mention.

N. H. Knapp had business in Fort Allegany Tuesday.

Mrs. A. B. Walker was a Bradford visitor this week.

Miss Carrie Wilkinson has returned home from Olean.

Orlo J. Hamlin is a business visitor at Buffalo this week.

Hon. T. A. Morrison was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Mrs. Emil Jahn was in Ridgway a few days this week.

Mrs. Garth Ramsey of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town.

Miss Bess Hurly of Bradford was in town Saturday on business.

Roswell Erhart of Colegrove attended the dance last Saturday night.

Scott McClure left Tuesday for Austin to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany passed Sunday in town.

O. H. Cain of Olean was in town Monday greeting his many friends.

Miss Ada Rifle and brother, Vere, of Kane were Smethport visitors last week.

Miss Pauline Ellsworth of Bradford is passing the week with Miss Irma Wells.

Roy Stark and Robert Raymer left Wednesday for a few weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Lawrence Bliss of Bolivar, N. Y., is the guest at the home of his uncle, G.W. Mitchell.

Miss Blanche Mulvihill of Newark was in attendance at the dance Saturday night.

Ross Colegrove left Wednesday for a few weeks' visit at Port Allegany, Roulette and Coudersport.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Fry and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford passed Sunday with Port Allegany friends.

Mrs. John Haley and daughters, Anna and Helen, left to-day for a month at Lake Huntington, N. Y.

Miss Amanda Anderson and brother, Fred, left Wednesday for a few weeks' vacation at Cameron, N. Y.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, of Olean are the guests of relatives in this place.

Mrs. M. D. Hooker and daughter, Clara, of Finley, O., are visiting friends and relatives in East Smethport.

M. M. Gillett returned Tuesday from Chicago and Newark, Ohio, where he has been for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are visiting Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Barton returned Tuesday from a week's visit with the latter's sister, Mrs. M. D. Hooker, of Finley, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Prather of Troy Centre, Pa., are the guests at the home of Mrs. Prather's mother, Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Anson Burdick left town today for two weeks' camping on Dashet brook, Norwich township.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Estry and son, Harold, leave this afternoon for Salina, Ohio, where they will spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

Miss Sarah Greer of Smethport visited with Miss Carrie Hinkley of First Avenue Tuesday. Miss Greer is taking the Summer Normal course at Ridgway.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give to your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Is there any

REASON

why you should darn sox or stocking? We say

There is None

because you can buy

HOLE-PROOF SOX

or stockings that are guaranteed against holes for SIX MONTHS. This is no catch phrase or word twisting but a simple statement that you get NEW hose or sox for every pair you bring back, which show the need of darning. They are as light as silk and wear like iron.

6 pairs $2, for men or women.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

WASH GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Wash goods clearance time is here. For a special sale this week we have arranged five lots of White Goods, Printed Wash Goods and Ginghams and marked them at so much below regular selling prices that a quick clearance will certainly result.

With the greater part of the summer ahead this sale will afford a rare chance to make the dollar do double duty.

All sorts of sheer and heavy weight cottons, silk mulls, etc., are included so that you will have no difficulty in finding just what you want.

Lot 1 at 5 cents — Regular price 6c.	Lot 2 at 8 1-2 cts. — Regular prices 10 to 12 1-2 c.
Lot 3 at 12 1-2 cts. — Regular prices 15 to 18c.	Lot 4 at 17 cents — Regular prices 25 to 35 c.

Lot 5 at 29 cts. — Regular prices 40 to 50c.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

COFFEE FROM

15c TO 35c PER LB.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price.

Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.

" " F, " " " " " " " "

One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00

One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited,

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Waiting For The Verdict

By T. W. WYNDHAM.

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THE ormolu clock on the mantelpiece ticked monotonously. The little regular sound began to run as a tune in her brain. She even thought that her fingers mechanically drummed the air upon her knee. It was some inane tune of the hour. Its rhythm fitted in excellently with the ticking of the clock, and both jangled in her brain with irritating persistence.

Every detail of the room had stamped itself upon her mind during those minutes she had sat there—minutes was it or hours since the great doctor had said to her in a voice that had struck her as strangely gentle:

"Will you kindly wait in the waiting room, Mrs. Ainslie, while Dr. Bryant and I talk over matters?"

She had attracted many curious and admiring glances from other men and women who waited in the big, gloomy room. One little, shabbily dressed woman who sat in the corner watched her almost enviously. The shabby woman's observant eyes noted the other's fair loveliness, her exquisite dress, the atmosphere of ease and luxury and comfort that surrounded her, the atmosphere of one who has always been cared for and sheltered, upon whom no rough winds have ever blown, and the shabby woman wondered what had brought this pretty, beautifully dressed little person into the doctor's waiting room. The thought flashed through her mind that it was probably some fanciful ailment for which she had come. It was impossible to associate the idea of sickness or pain with that lovely face, those smart garments.

How much longer, she wondered, did these doctors intend to keep her in this dreary room while they discussed her case?

Her case!

It was funny to think that they could talk about her case! Why, she had always been the incarnation of health. Everybody had always said she was so strong and well. It was too ridiculous that she should be sitting in a doctor's waiting room, and she herself would naturally never have dreamed of consulting the great specialist at all if her own doctor's face had not grown so absurdly grave when she had gone to him yesterday about the little lump which annoyed her. Personally she thought he had made rather an unnecessary fuss. In fact, she had told Dr. Bryant as much as his face had, indeed, asked him why he could not simply cut the thing away then and there and have done with it.

Twenty minutes!

How could it possibly take those two doctors twenty minutes to discuss her simple case? Why, she had considered it so simple a matter that she had not even told her husband about it or that she was to come and see Dr. James, the famous specialist, this morning!

Robert was always in such an agony if her little finger ached that she had refrained from mentioning the lump to him at all, and he knew nothing of her visit to Dr. Bryant yesterday, much

"I SHALL TRY TO READ AND FORGET."

less about the consultation today. Why, her dear, loving, fussy old Robert, the dearest hubby in the world, would think she was going to die at the very least if he knew she was sitting in Dr. Edward James' room waiting the verdict!

"Waiting for the verdict!"

Something in the words framed by her own mind sent a quick little shiver through her for which she could not account, and a vision rose before her of a prisoner waiting at the bar and wondering—wondering, perhaps, whether the judge would presently put on the black cap or not. Ah, well, it must be terrible to be in such a position. She was only waiting—waiting for what?

A sudden recollection crossed her mind of the great doctor's quiet, restrained voice that had held in something which she had at the moment not quite understood. It flashed upon her now all at once that it was pity.

But why pity?

Her heart gave a frightened leap.

She picked up an illustrated paper from the table before her and began hurriedly turning the pages, seeing absolutely nothing. "And his face looked so kind and—so—sorry." Her thoughts ran on till her heart quickened its beat again. "It's nonsense to be nervous," she told herself. "I shall try to read and forget."

She resolutely took up a magazine and read a page slowly and carefully, then read it over again with equal care, but she found herself spelling each word in turn and the sense of the phrases did not penetrate into her brain.

Nobody can take in the meaning of a story, she thought, when people whisper, and her glance fell upon a stout widow who sat opposite whispering in the ear of a girl beside her.

The little lady watched the widow's head bob up and down as her words became more and more emphatic. She noticed how dusty the crape was upon her veil. "And that's the worst of crape," she said to herself. "The least thing makes it look shabby. I always tell Robert I won't wear crape when I'm a widow!"

A smile flickered over her face, and the shabby woman in the corner, watching her, thought enviously how happy she must be to smile like that at nothing. Half an hour now!

Half an hour for two clever doctors to discuss one tiny lump which looked like almost nothing! How she and Robert would laugh presently over the slowness of these medical men! But if they kept her much longer she would be late for lunch, and then Robert would be in a flurry and wonder what had become of her.

Oh, why were they not quicker? Time dragged woefully. There was something aggravating about that tiresome clock on the mantelpiece with its persistent voice, and the pair of candlesticks exactly alike that flanked it and the two vases that were such a precise match annoyed her. A wild desire seized her to set them all crooked!

Then she was tired of looking at that hideous silver creation on the sideboard. She was certain it must be a testimonial! And what an ugly one to be saddled with for the rest of one's natural life! She remembered with what dismay she and Robert had received some ghastly old family plate from a rich uncle and how thankfully they had relegated it to a little used room, Robert saying laughingly that it would come in as an heirloom for their grandchildren!

A vision of herself as a white haired old lady made her smile again. She always intended to grow old gracefully—when the time for growing old came! But it was a very, very long way off, and she and Robert had only been married six short months—they had years and years of sunny life in front of them before—

The door opened.

"Mrs. Ainslie," said a trim parlor maid, and the little lady rose and followed her.

And all at once her heart gave that frightened leap again, but she was smiling when she entered the great doctor's room.

Both doctors were standing, and a queer feeling came over her as she saw their faces—that they watched her pitifully—as if—as if she were that prisoner at the bar one of them was just going to put on the black cap.

It was a whimsical idea. Her glance fell almost involuntarily upon Dr. James' gray head, and she smiled again.

Dr. Bryant leaned against the mantelpiece.

It struck her that he kept his eyes averted. She wondered vaguely why he did so. Possibly he had made some little mistake in diagnosis and was rather vexed about it.

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Ainslee?" Dr. James' voice broke in upon her thoughts.

She sat down in the big armchair where she had sat just now—all those minutes—or was it hours ago?—when she had first come into the room today with Dr. Bryant.

Dr. James seated himself at the table facing her.

This room was brighter than the other where she had waited so long. The sun came into it, and little patches of light danced upon the carpet and upon the table that was strewn with letters and upon the great man's kind, quiet face.

Outside the window there was actually a tree. It was April, and the leaves were beginning to grow green and waved gently to and fro in the soft spring air.

Her eyes left the dancing leaves outside and came back to the faces of the two silent men. She realized that they were both strangely quiet.

"Well," she said in a gay little voice, "what is the verdict? You"— The words died on her lips. She could not have said why, only something in Dr. James' face gave her a curious sense of suffocation.

"Mrs. Ainslie," he said gently, so gently that a sudden longing to cry assailed her, "I am afraid we have not very good news to give you." He paused, and the sudden longing to cry left her.

Some instinct inherited from her Revolutionary ancestors made her draw herself up in her chair and look the old man squarely in the face.

It was he, not her, who winced a little as she said quietly:

"Is it a very serious operation, then? Don't mind telling me. I am not afraid."

She was dimly conscious that Dr. Bryant turned quickly away from where he stood and moved toward the window and that the silence following her words seemed weighty with meaning.

"No," Dr. James said slowly, "I am sure you are not afraid of—of—an operation. But—there is no operation that we can do"—

Again she was conscious of a little movement on the part of the silent man by the window, and she watched with a curious sort of fascination how the pattern of the dancing leaves outside was repeated in dancing sun beams upon the carpet within.

"No operation?" she asked. "But"—

Then her eyes went back to Dr James' face.

"But," he continued, after the queer little pause, "then it is not serious at all, I suppose?"

Dr. James lifted his head quickly and the man moved.

For a second she played fair in them the she drew back a little. Her own eyes never faltered, only the hand that held her handkerchief clutched it so tightly that it was almost pain.

"I have never had a harder thing to do than this, Mrs. Ainslie," Dr. James said. "You must prepare for a great shock—a very great shock. We cannot operate because an operation would be useless, but the growth is so serious a one—that"—

"It will kill me, do you mean?" she said; and the color flushed over her

SAW THE LADY SHAKE HANDS WITH HER DOCTOR.

face, but she sat perfectly still, her eyes never leaving his.

"Yes," he answered so gently that she almost smiled at him, "that is what I mean."

"And how many years will it take?" she asked, and she noticed how still her own voice was, how her heart that had bounded widely a second before was now beating quickly, "or will it perhaps be a shorter time?"

She could almost have sworn that the gray eyes watching her grew dim. She realized that the figure by the window seemed to be rigid in its stillness.

"It will be a shorter time than that." The great doctor's voice trembled.

She was so very pretty—so very young and pretty and chic—and so beautifully dressed. It was absurd to think—to believe—such a thing—but it would have been easier to tell her if she had worn a shabby gown! It flashed into his mind that it was like telling a butterfly that was dancing in the sunlight—and yet—

"A shorter time?" She interrupted his thoughts.

He leaned forward and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Yes," she said. "I know you will face it bravely." His voice broke again. "I do not think it will be more than a week—and we can do nothing."

The silence in the room was like something tangible, made more emphatic by the chirping of the sparrows in the tree without and the rumble of the busy New York streets.

It was the little lady herself who broke the silence.

"That was a hard thing for you to tell me," she said gently. Then she glanced down at her own clinched hands. "Do you know," she went on, and a queer little smile flitted across her face, "I have torn my handkerchief into ribbons—while I sat here. But—but it won't matter now—will it—if it is only to be a week?"

There was no answer from either of her listeners. Words were impossible to them. Only a great admiration dawned in Dr. James' eyes as he looked into the bright, resolute ones that faced him.

"Thank you very much for breaking it to me so gently," she said in that smooth, even tone that never trembled or changed. "It is a very great surprise. A—a week—you say?"

The great man bowed his head. Obviously he could not trust himself to speak.

"How strange!" she said. "Next week there is a big ball—and I—am going—I mean I was going—my dress will come home—and I— How strange!"

Dr. Bryant turned abruptly from the window. She saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"It is so hard—quite to realize," she went on, "that things will go on just the same—and I—not be here"— She paused, glancing out at the green tree and the sunlight.

"But—I ought not to take up your time," She rose and turned courteously to Dr. James. "You have other people to see, and I hope—I hope you will not have another verdict to give—like—mine"—

For the first time her voice shook a little, but her eyes were still steady.

"Will you have a cab called for me, Dr. Bryant? I should like to go straight—home."

She walked from the great man's room with head erect and unfaltering steps, and, watching her, he said softly to himself: "It is the women who go up to the cannon's mouth without turning a hair. What a plucky soul! My God, what a plucky soul!"

Looking from the window of the sitting room, the shabby woman saw the little lady shake hands smilingly with her doctor and drive away. And the shabby woman said to herself, "How young and happy she is, with all her life before her—and such a happy life!"

But the shabby woman never knew what the verdict had been which the little lady had waited for so long!

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Rees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Deboe, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friendland. The meat of the elephants was sold from $10 to $12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, $10 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gormands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for $2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The highest price was paid for a young live hunt that had been swiped by a Frenchman from the circus. One hundred dollars was paid for it.

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh	$ .60
One ham	16.00
A whole cat	3.00
A rabbit	10.00
One turkey	30.00
One egg	1.00
A rat	.60
A pigeon	3.00
One pound of butter	6.00
A pound of beans	1.00
A pack of carrots	2.00
One cabbage head	3.00
One stick of celery	.60
Wood to burn (100 pounds)	2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meanest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meats were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses.

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in file before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child then never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self abnegation not always followed by men.

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, those long files of women, meagre, all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting. Till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears.

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and, while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers or fed on sweet wine and bread, plied slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Hush, hush!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago."

"Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then, probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

Risky Revenge.

Gaguinit, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some hissing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewing of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hissed!" imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed their calumniator if he not hastily retreated.

Fixing His Status.

A waiter spilled some soup on the clothing of a portly, choleric old gentleman dining with his wife in an uptown lobster palace the other night, whereupon the old gentleman jumped to his feet and, calling the manager, burst into a tirade which ended with the somewhat anticlimatic charge that the waiter was "no gentleman."

"This man is not supposed to be a gentleman," said the manager coldly. "He is merely a waiter."—New York Press.

Tommy Spoke.

Minister—If any one present can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Tommy—I kin, mister. He thinks aunty's only twenty-five, and she's forty.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but nine-tenths of those who are compelled to travel it never reach the goal.—Chicago News.

FOURTH OF JULY IN TEXAS.

Cowboys, Girls and Comanches Trip Light Fantastic Toe.

The hottest and funniest place on the grounds, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, describing a Fourth of July celebration in Texas, "was the dancing pavilion. A canvas cover was stretched just overhead. When some tall cowboy, in the excess of his patriotism, put an extra kink on his spring, he bet scraped the cover. The floor, which was of rough boards in the morning, was polished before noon by a thousand shuffles. In a corner the orchestra, with a strangely solemn face and downcast eyes, sat on the spring seat of a farm wagon and drew from a violin such strains as might put motion into a cork leg. But the star of the pavilion combination was the caller. He was a mild, mampered gentleman named Granger, whose flexibility of voice was equaled by his originality of expression. Sometimes he chanted, sometimes he declaimed, and sometimes he let his voice follow the music. He was a master of ceremonies, too, who had learned his profession. The cowboys would sidle up and say:

"Mister, can't we have a little dance? We come sixty miles for this thing."

"Don't you know anybody here?" Granger would ask.

"Not a livin' soul 'cept just the boys," they would affirm, with more or less emphasis.

"Reckon maybe I kin fix you," the master would say reflectively. Then he would cross over to where the buxom daughters of the grain farmers were shocked up along the side of the platform. Pretty soon he would return, and, with a "Come this way," he would lead the cowboys, one at a time, across the platform. The farmer's daughter would bow prettily and the cowboy elaborately, with a twitch at his big white hat. Then a new couple would join those on the floor. Occasionally a cowboy would intrust his hat to a friend, but this seldom happened. The girls didn't mind, and hats were worn as a rule.

When the set was slow in filling the master called out persuasively:

"Two more couple and we'll have a little dance. Hurry up now and throw yourself around on this street like a quarter horse. Let's have a race."

But it was not often the dances needed encouragement to fill. More frequently the master was obliged to urge:

"Stan' back and give 'im a little room, people; we've got a wildcat spring here."

The crowd in the eagerness to see the dancing gave scant room for the musicians.

"Line down on her," said the master. The violin started, and so did the quadrille.

"Circle to the left and gents trail home. Let the ladies row in front."

So called, and dropping his voice an octave, he sang:

"Everybody dance; corners swing;
Good style; pretty little partners;
That's the thing."

Shuffle-shuffle go the feet, and the figure is finished. Off starts the caller again:

"First couple right; ladies swing out;
Gents swing in, swing out and promenade.
Do, do, gents, slow;
Do, re, ladies, don't you know?"

"Then comes more intricate work. The cowboys can't begin to get in all of their fancy steps. The pace is hot. The skirts of the grain growers' daughters swish through the air as the master calls:

"Balance the next; three hands round;
Ladies swing out; gents swing in;
Three hands out and go it again;
Gents swing out and go it again;
Seven hands up and ladies swing out;
Four and balance; new partners; promenade all."

The master permits thirsty seconds' breathing spell, during which the cowboys try to get rid of some of their surplus perspiration, while the girls ply their fans and look moist and happy. The caller gathers himself for a prolonged effort. "Second couple to right," he calls, and then he goes it, without a break for five minutes, like this:

"Ladies swing out; gents swing in;
Three hands up and go it again;
Balance again; ladies to center;
Fall in the corner; promenade home;
Six to two and two come down;
Ladies in center and seven hands round.
Fall in the corners. Now partners all.
Go south. Wheat's all dead.
And you've got corn bread, I guess."

"Not in the Wichita valley the wheat ain't dead, by a jugful!" one of the dancers shouted, but without minding interruptions the caller goes right along with his funmaking:

"Fall and balance; swing and run;
Four to two and two come down;
Lady in center and five hands round;
Ladies swing out and gents swing in;
Five up and go it again;
Swing out; run away with the swing;
Hold and balance; all balance;
Now, partners, run away with the ball.
Everybody dance, everybody dance."

And the next time it is something with variations on this kind of a figure:

"Four hands up; half round the world;
Gents turn a summerset; ladies just so;
Ladies round the gents; gents don't go;
Round up fours; everybody swing;
Swing the corners like swinging the wing;
Swing, ladies, seaside fashion;
Pretty little partner; round up fours."

And thus it went on with endless variety in the language and measure, but the same shuffling, the same buxom girls and the same frolicsome cowboys, until the sun went down behind the Comanches' tepees. Old men looked on and said, "Them's the same dances they used to dance in south Texas when I was a boy." Occasionally a cowboy, overcome by the inspiration of the moment, let out a wild "whoop." As for the Indians, they stood about the outer edge of the pavilion and looked on impassively. An Indian always enjoys seeing the pale faces dance, but you never could tell it from the expressionless cast of his countenance.

Smethport Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Mason, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Struthers.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hutchison, Bradford.
District Attorney—G. C. Hays, Smethport.
Clerk—Jos. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—M. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Deylin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; G. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Orlatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—L. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. White, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Shurburne, E. E. Hoxie, H. B. Sisse.
Justice—H. L. Gleason.
Constable—D. B. Foote.
School Directors—P. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Rudbell, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Hutchison.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hubbell.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, F. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

A. F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W.M. pro tem.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Fraternity degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1473, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
H. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

D. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
DELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. E. W. BATES, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. CUMMINGS, Pres.
JESSIE CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

Thomas Chapter, No. 89, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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HIT THE WRONG BANK

Story of the Man Who Wanted to Open a Small Account.

A WALL STREET EXPERIENCE.

The Would Be Depositor of Modest Means Found Himself in a Place For Millionaires—An Official's Courteous Explanation and Advice.

"When," said the man who writes pieces for magazines and things, "by some strange and unprecedented chance, I had got hold of a matter of $350 all at one and the same time it looked big to me. By an even more curious chance there wasn't anything that I really needed to do with the money, so I decided that I'd bank it.

"Now, I knew in a general way that in order to put money in a bank you've got to be known and give your pedigree and look respectable, and all that, and I hated to approach a bank without any sort of credentials. Therefore I went to the business manager of a certain magazine which occasionally prints pieces that I write and asked him what I'd better do.

"'Simplest thing in the world,' said he. 'I'll give you a note to our bank.'

"That sounded fine to me. He wrote me the note, and I started for the bank a good deal tickled over how easy the little depositing proceeding had been made.

"The bank to which I had the note is in Wall street. I asked the uniformed man who was standing around where I'd find the receiving teller's window, and he pointed that window out to me. I got into line and watched the teller take in money.

"I must own that I was a bit stalled to note the great size of some of the deposits he was receiving. Why, fellows were giving the money to him by the satchelful. But I had my note in my pocket, and I remained complacent enough with that consciousness.

"When I reached the receiving teller I passed in my note, and the receiving teller, a decidedly civil young man, opened it and read it. Then he looked at me, after which he read the note again, this time with a sort of puzzled expression on his countenance. I didn't see why the receiving teller should be puzzled over such a simple matter, but puzzled he seemed. He rang a bell, and the uniformed man who'd directed me to that window appeared.

"'Show this gentleman to the office of the cashier,' said the receiving teller to the uniformed man, at the same time regarding me with a pleasant smile, and the uniformed man led me down the passageway and took me behind a railing where there was a handsome gray haired gentleman sitting at a desk.

"The handsome gray haired gentleman received me cordially and invited me to be seated. I handed him my note, while the receiving teller had returned to me, and he leaned back in his chair and read it carefully. Then he, too, looked puzzled after he'd read the note a second time. Then he looked at me pleasantly over the tops of his spectacles.

"'Ahem!' said the handsome gray haired gentleman, not disagreeably, but in a nice, banker-like way. 'Might I—er—inquire, Mr. Penphist, without seeming to be unduly inquisitive, as to how—er—large a—er—balance you would usually be carrying?'

"Well, that was a civil enough question, nothing inquisitive about it.

"'Why, sir,' I said to the handsome gray haired gentleman, 'I am opening an account with a matter of some $350, but I shall no doubt make some additions to that within the next two months, and probably I shall carry a balance of—well, say, $500 or $600 right along.'

"The kindly cashier with the gray hair fairly beamed upon me.

"'Er—just so, just so,' said he, twiddling his thumbs. 'We feel complimented, Mr. Penphist, we really do, that you should have come to us. And it is unfortunate—er—really unfortunate, that we are so utterly lacking in facilities for taking care of accounts of such a character.'

"'You see, Mr. Penphist, our institution is of—er—a sort of special character. It is used as a depository by—well, perhaps I should put it in a clearer manner. I say it to you quite in confidence, you understand, Mr. Penphist, but we have only 1,600 depositors on our books, and these 1,600 depositors' aggregate balances amount all the time to a matter of $110,000,000.'

"Well, that was about enough. I saw the light then. I'd drifted into a millionaires' bank on the careless credentials of a business manager who'd written me that note no doubt in a thoughtless mood.

"The gray haired cashier acted fully about it. He recommended a fine bank to me—one that combines perfect responsibility with the necessary facilities for handling accounts like—er—yours, Mr. Penphist,' he added.

"For all of the cashier's niceness I walked out of there into the cold gray light of Wall street feeling like a good deal of a human caterpillar.

"I didn't go to the bank recommended to me by the cashier; didn't have the nerve to visit any more banks. I've got $62 left now of the $350, but I'm going to use that as a nest egg, and maybe some day even yet I'll have a bank account."—New York Sun.

Kaffirs' Courtship.

The Kaffirs are a very light hearted people and do not worry about the future. As soon as the girls have finished their work they may take up the igubu, which is an elementary musical instrument, consisting of a taut bow fixed to a gourd, and march across country twanging the string with a little piece of reed. The instrument, as a rule, gives but one note, but to the girl's sweetheart such music is "the food of love."—World's Work.

An innocent heart suspects no guile.

TIME AT THE POLES.

It Is Practically Any Hour of the Day You Please.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude starting from the equator converge toward and meet at the poles. They know, too, that longitude signifies time and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about 7 o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter past 3 in the afternoon in New York.

Now, as the meridian of London extends to the north pole, it necessarily ensues that when it is noon in the English capital it must also be noon at the north pole. In a similar manner when it is noon at Boston, or in San Francisco, or at Pekin, or any other place situated in the northern hemisphere, it follows that it must also be noon at the pole, because all the meridians of those places unite at the north pole. Therefore it is noon all day long at the pole.

Thus there is no entire absence of time at the pole. But it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is practically any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours or, indeed, through the year. In fact, a resident at the north pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the right time.

A POET'S DIET.

Byron's Strenuous Efforts to Keep Himself From Getting Fat.

"You mention Browning's idea that starvation was the cure for all the ills of the flesh—his own, at any rate," says a correspondent. "Browning was not the only poet with peculiar views on the subject. One of Byron's chief fears was that of becoming fat, and to avoid it he often resorted to extraordinary systems of diet. At Athens he lived mainly on rice and vinegar and water. Later he confined himself to six biscuits a day and tea. In 1813 he had so restricted his diet that he was obliged to keep down hunger by chewing muscle and tobacco. 'Don Juan' was written on gin and water."

Byron, it has been pointed out, was one of those foredoomed by their constitutions to fatness in middle life, whether they eat much or little, and his victory over nature in this respect—for he succeeded in reducing himself by these violent methods—has been quoted as one of the most remarkable achievements of the human will, considering all the circumstances. It must have been bitter to him to see such a man as Hobhouse brimmed, who ate and drank freely and took no exercise, retaining without an effort all the elegance of figure that was his greatest gift. No wonder Byron's was the poetry of gloom.—London News.

A Tailor's Advertisement, 1734.

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen and others, That they may have good Druggets, Sagathie and Duroy Suits made well and fashionable, for the first size Men at 13 10s. a suit and the larger size at £4. Cloth Serge, commonly called by the Name of German Serge, suits for £4 and £4 10s. Livery suits for £4 and £4 10s. Colored and black Cloth suits for £5 and £6 10s. At the Two Golden Balls in great Hart street, the upper end of Bow street, Covent Garden. Also Horsemen's great Coats to be sold ready made at 20s. each. Morning Gowns, Callimanco both sides, at 30s. a piece, blue Cloak-bags ready made at 10s. each, blue Rocklers ready made. Superfine black Cloth at 15s. per Yard.—Fog's Journal, 1734.

Tea Table Etiquette.

A hundred years or more ago there was a quaint tea table etiquette. It was considered a lack of courtesy to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Etiquette demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Modern women would be shocked by a fashionable lady of those days who cooled her tea with her breath, yet Young wrote of a certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow
To cool the Bohea and inflame the beau,
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

A City and Its Press.

In some respects a modern city resembles a vast commercial house. In commerce advertisement is the secret of success, and the most successful coadjutors of the municipality in the development and puffing of a capital are the newspapers. And here Berlin is lacking. Her press is on a hopelessly low level, impoverished, without enterprise, under the thumb of the authorities. In London, New York and Paris the press has a voice in the running of the city.—London Outlook.

A Roundabout Reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy!"

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

Flowers.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and fragrance.

The Kind He Bought.

Little Edwin—Mamma, what is liquid air? Mamma—I don't know. Ask your papa. He's always going out between the acts "to get a little air."—Exchange.

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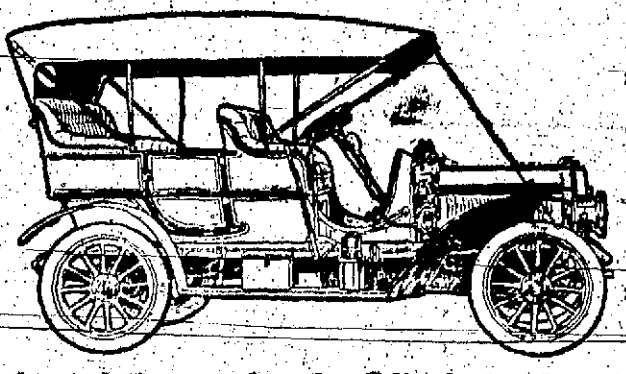

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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Read this Advertisement.

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No more hooks in the ceilings; no more chains to break; no more paper to get black from smoke.

Have a look. 2-light, 75c each; 3-light $1.00.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, SMETHPORT

SEMI-ANNUAL

CLEARANCE SALE!

Beginning Saturday, June 27th; Ending Saturday, July 18th

Our regular custom has been to hold twice each year a Sale to close out short lines and to reduce stock generally. Each one of these Sales has been very successful and we have hundreds of customers who look ahead for weeks to this event for they know from past experience that it is very easy for them to supply their future needs at a very great saving over regular prices. In fact, the savings are such that it will pay you well to visit this store each day, for there will be fresh goods and new price attractions every morning.

The low markets at the present time makes this year's Clearance especially attractive for all goods are at rock bottom now and advances expected on many lines during July. We urge you to take advantage of this opportunity and buy liberally for we are positive that you will not buy cheaper here or elsewhere.

SILKS.

A yard-wide Silk, Blue, Brown and Green, Special.....89c
Rough Weave Silk, Brown, Blue Black, Tan and Cardinal, sells always at 69c.....now at 57c
Special Black Taffeta.....$1.00
Short Lengths—these at almost half-price while they last.

Umbrellas and Parasols.

Ladies' Special 26 in. Umbrella.....$1.00
Children's White Parasols, were $1.00 and $1.25, now.....75c
"Guaranteed" Gold and Sterling Silver Handled Umbrellas, Ladies' or Gentlemen's.....$2.98
All Silk, Ladies' Parasol, Black.....$1.98

Hosiery. Underwear.

Bearskin hose, for children, best made.....15c straight
Children's double knee hose, were 15c, ...now 9c, 3 for 25c
Children's underwear, not all sizes, but the price.....7c
Ladies' 10c Vests, now.....7c
15c Vests, now.....12c
25c " " 19c
Corset covers, were 25 to 35c.....now 19c
" " " 50 to 85c....." 39c
The complete line of ladies' gowns, pants and skirts at corresponding reductions.

CORSETS.

We are factory agents for the celebrated Royal Worchester W. B. and American Beauty Corsets.
All new models are being shown. Prices from $1.00 to $3.00.
Laced front models at $1.50. The famous Adjusto corset $3.00.

McCall's Patterns, always ahead. 10 & 15 cents.

Ask for leaflet of latest styles.

We are Headquarters for Trunks and Suit Cases.

If in need ask to be shown the line.
A special Suit Case, 22, 24, 26 in., brass bolts and good lock, leather trimmed.

MEN'S WEAR.

Black Sateen Shirts, 14½ to 18 in. neck, were 50c.....now 39c
Dress Shirts, complete line goes at $1.00 each.
Men's black hose, 9½ to 11½, special at 2 pr. 25 cents.
" work sox, 5 cts. and 9 cts. pair.
Munsing underwear, summer styles, sanitary and satisfactory, $1.00 to $2.00.
Balbriggan shirts and drawers, all sizes, 50 cents.
"Cleesonette" shirts and drawers, all sizes, 50 cents.
Good Balbriggan underwear, all sizes, 25 cents.
Summer flannels, The shirt for outing and general wear, grey —only, $1.50.

HAMMOCKS.

Your choice of all Hammocks at a discount of 20 per cent.

Carpets, Linoleums & Oil Cloth.

3 pieces of 59c Ingrain.....43c
All 80c carpets.....69c
Room sized Rugs, a fine selection to choose from, are subject to 10 per cent. discount.
Small Rugs subject to 20 per cent. discount.
Choice of any Linoleum in our stock at 49c sq. yd.
None will be laid at this price.
Choice of any Oil Cloth.....39c
Table Oil Cloth, except white.....15c
Carpet Lining, during the sale 2c yd.
Rubber Door Mats, during the sale, are 79c each.

Muslins, Ginghams and Calico.

Yard wide muslin, brown.....5½c
" " Hills.....7c
Lancaster apron gingham.....6 cts.
Fancy dress ginghams, were 12c and 15c, now.....10c
All linen crash, special at.....7c
Glass toweling, special at.....10c
Simpson's prints, assortment.....5c yd.
2 pieces only 9-4 unbleached Sheeting.....at 34c

Wrappers and House Gowns.

Ladies' dressing sacques, reduced to 39c, 59c, 63c and $1.00.
House gowns, skirt and waist, sizes 34 to 44, at $1.50 and $1.98.
Wrappers. $1.00 kind at 79c. $1.48 kind at $1.20.

Lace Curtains.

All go at discount of 20 per cent.
Some samples and soiled pairs at half off.

Window Shades.

1 LOT slightly soiled window shades, were 50c and 65c. These are now 38 cents.

Table Damask.

Bleached table damask.....at 25c a yard.
" " " .....at 39c " "
" " " special.....at 59c " "
1 piece only unbleached linen, heavy, was $1.25.....at 98c
1 lot napkins, 1 dozen lots only.....$1.00

Laces and Embroidery.

1 LOT fine Valencenes lace, all one price.....5c
1 " " " " " " " " 10c
1 " Torchon lace, all one price.....5c
1 " " " " " 10c
1 " fine embroidery, assorted widths, all one price.....5c
1 " " " " " " " " 10c
These are very fine assortments and will prove money savers to any one in search of these goods.

Wash Fabrics.

Entire line to go now. Goods that were 12c to 25c, now at one price, all 10c a yard.
Fancy shrunk cotton and waistings that were 15 to 20c now 12½c.
White waistings, Mull, Swiss and others, in one lot at 15c, these are extra values.
Checked and barred Nainsook and Dimity, 10c to 25c yd.

Coat and Suit Department.

This Department offers some very good values in closing out the Spring line and will be well worth your attention even if you do not wish to buy.
1 Suit, size 36, was $15.00, to go at.....$7.50
1 " " 34, " $16.50, " " " $7.50
3 " " 36 and 38, was $22.50 and $32.00, to go at.....$12.50
10 Late Spring Suits, in stock only a short time, but must go with the others, were $22.50 and $25.00. Closing at $13.75
1 light cream Butterfly suit, a beauty, was $35.00, now.....$22.00
Wash dresses, only a few left, white, black, blue, were $5.00 to $6.00, closing at.....$2.98
5 only, Wash Suits, sizes 32 to 38, were $5.50 to $9.00, closing at.....$2.98
Children's Jackets, 13 in all, an unlucky number for us, hence the price will be just one half. A $6.00 jacket will be.....$3.00
Skirts—25 Misses' and Ladies' skirts, not all sizes but a good assortment, were $5.00 to $7.50, closing at.....$3.48
Ladies' Jackets—14 in all, now selling from $5.50 to $18.00, will also be closed out at just half price. There are some very good ones in this lot and if you need a jacket do not miss seeing them.
The prices do not cover any alterations, but this may be done here by experienced hands at a very small extra cost.

Notions and Small Wares.

Darning cotton, brown, tan, black, white.....3 balls 5c
Canfield dress shields.....10c
Magnolia " " 5c
Silkateen balls.....4c
10 inch hair rats.....10c
20 inch rats covered with silk net.....25c
Buttermilk soap.....box 20c
Featherbone, grey only.....1c yd
Hand bags, worth from 50c to 85c, at.....39c
Embroidered collars, the 25c kind.....15c
Soft collars, each in box.....19c and 39c
1 lot ladies' belts, assorted, elastic, leather, silk. New, popular belts at.....43c each
Sun bonnets, 25c, 35c and 50c, at.....19c
Ladies' handkerchiefs. Embroidered and hemstitched, were 15c, now.....10c
Hat pins, assortment at.....10c
Pillow tops, were 25c to 50c, now.....19c
Charter Oak thread, black and white, 50, 60, 70.....2c a spool
All skirt braid.....now 10c a bolt

These prices are made so close that we will be compelled to adhere to the cash basis and make no sales at these figures but for cash. Kindly remember this and bring your purse and we will make it the most profitable purchasing trip you ever made.

If you cannot come to this Sale, send your orders by mail and they will have our best attention, but they will be accepted only subject to the goods being in stock when order is received.

Yours for prosperity,

THE LINDHOLM CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

COUPON.

This Coupon entitles you to a refund of the amount of your R. R. fare with a purchase of $20.00 if not in excess of 25 miles. June 27 to July 18, '08.

The Lindholm Company.

COUPON.

This Coupon entitles you to 10 per cent. DISCOUNT on any shoes from our store except the "Queen Quality" lines. June 27 to July 18, '08.

The Lindholm Company.